

BIBLIOPHOBIA,

BY

MERCURIUS RUSTICUS.

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DIBDIN, Thomas Frognall

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BIBLIOPHOBIA.

REMARKS

ON THE

PRESENT LAQUID AND DEPRESSED STATE OF

LITERATURE

AND THE BOOK TRADE.

IN A LETTER

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE

Bibliomania.

BY

MERCURIUS RUSTICUS.

WITH NOTES

BY CATO PARVUS.

“FEAR is the order of the day. To those very natural and long established fears of bailiffs and taxgatherers, must now be added the fear of *Reform*, of *Cholera*, and of Books.” p. 6.

LONDON :

HENRY BOHN, 4, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1832.

KEY

Atlicus	Mr Helber
Hortensius	Baron Bolland
Honorio	G. Hilbert
Licinus	Sir J. Freeling
Philippus	G H Freeling
Prospero	Mr Douce
Pamphilus	J. Markland
Bernardo	J Harlwood
Crasus	J. Ponton
Ulpian	W P Harvott
Decius	Dr Burney
Palmerin	E. Newton
Euphormio	B. Botfield

ADVERTISEMENT.

The ensuing pages would never have seen the light, but that, on shewing them in MS. to a neighbouring friend—who lives just across the moor—he was pleased to express a very favourable opinion of their probable good tendency, if given to the world; adding, that a few NOTES, which he would cheerfully supply, might perhaps help to promote the object in view. As I knew him to be well versed in the arcana both of black-letter and of modern publications, and most regular in his annual visits to the Metropolis, I thankfully accepted his offer. I hope therefore that the text and notes together may prove acceptable to the kind-hearted reader, who cannot but sympathize with their author in the present melancholy prevalence of the disease of Bibliophobia; which is altogether new in its characteristics, and ominous of the most direful results.*

The first two notes of my friend bear his name: CATO PARVUS, or the Initials: afterwards, they have neither name nor initials. My own few notes bear the initials M. R.



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A LETTER, &c.

Laurel Lodge.

Oct. 31, 1831.

REVEREND SIR,

It is now, I believe, upwards of twenty-years, since you kindly undertook the useful task of making the public acquainted with the symptoms or characteristics of the dreadful disease called the BIBLIOMANIA. With the symptoms of the disease, you also furnished them with the means of its cure. But, strange to say, the very opposite to the effect predicted took place. The mania increased in fury. Its ravages spread far and wide, and its victims were numerous. Men seemed to judge by “the rule of contrary.” They hunted hole and corner for *black letter*, and *large paper*, and *uncut*, copies of the several works they were in search of; and, with the palpable evidence of astounding facts before their eyes, they rushed infatuatedly forward to embrace the very causes of self-destruction. Such heart-rending cases of *felo-de-se* had never been before recorded.

Things are strangely altered of late: and passions and tastes have taken a very opposite tone. Objects, which formerly rivetted attention, and begat attachment, are now considered almost as those of horror and alarm. In short, FEAR is the order of the day. To those very natural and long-established fears of bailiffs and tax-gatherers, must now be added the fear of *Reform*, of *Cholera*, and of Books.

I am induced to trouble you with a few remarks upon this melancholy but highly interesting subject, in consequence of a visit recently paid to a friend in town; whom, in the “good old times” of Bibliomania, I used to accompany to book-sales:—from whom I learned to “hit my bird” with unerring dexterity, and, in consequence, to store my larder with a profusion of game. In other words, to make my book-purchases with discrimination, and to enrich my shelves with a due sprinkling of choice copies. I staid with my friend during the three latter months of “the season,” as it is called; and when I returned to my solitary rural residence, and cast an eager look over those “precious gems,” which, in former times, seemed to sparkle with unrivalled lustre, somehow or other they appeared to fall flat and dead upon my notice. Ill-humour, vexation, and wrath at the capriciousness of public taste, all united to make me retreat precipitately from my *book-room*—

for it aspires not to the dignified appellative of a "LIBRARY." However, after a few short, heavy breathings, I returned to my once favourite haunt of retirement. I carried with me all my former kind and warm-hearted feelings towards those objects of silent but eloquent instruction; and throwing myself into my walnut-tree curiously-carved armed chair, read to myself a sharp lecture on the absurdity of yielding to the very feelings which I had deprecated. I then seemed to breathe freely again: and signing a tacit contract with my beloved, resolved that nothing in future should ever cause me to bate one jot of my attachment towards my Dugdales and my Hearnès.

It is true—living in a village as I do—there is little inducement from without to cause my book-passion to increase in ardour. The Squire has not the smallest notion of the value of large margins or rough edges: and when I took down the *Fructus Temporum*, printed by *Machlinia*, as the *ne plus ultra* of my book-gems, he declared that he had "never seen anything, in the shape of a book, half so frightful in his life!"* The

* The Squire may be forgiven for this *brusquerie* in passing judgment. It is, typographically speaking, a "frightful" book. A good deal of puzzle belongs to the identifying of the Chronicle printed in the *Abbey of St. Alban*, and of that printed by *Machlinia*. See these books fully described in the *Bibl. Spenceriana*, vol. IV. 369-73; 393. CATO PARVUS.

Clergyman, in all *other* respects a most exemplary character, has no idea of the worth of my octodecimo black regiment of Latimer, Fox, and Drant;* but obstinately adheres to his Barrow, Tillotson, and Atterbury. I pity, from my heart, such a circumscribed range of taste: and giving up the Squire as incorrigible, hope yet to teach the Vicar better things.

I confess that one of the principal motives for troubling you with this epistolary address, is, the excessive astonishment and chagrin which I experienced at the sale of the *Autograph Novels* of the renowned AUTHOR of WAVERLEY. What, Sir, is it come to *this*? Are the fire and spirit and emulation of our young nobility and gentry quite extinct? Is the love of legendary lore wholly defunct? Are the gewgaws of jewellery, the tawdryness of furniture, the trickery of horse dealing, the brittleness of Dresden and Sèvres ware, and “such-like,” to form paramount objects of purchase and speculation, by those,

* Copious and curious specimens of the pulpit eloquence of Latimer, Fox, and Drant, will be found in the *Library Companion*, p. 66-81; to which add, as there adduced, specimens from a contemporary of the name of EDGEWORTH. When I quote from the *Library Companion*, I wish it to be understood that I quote from the first, or as some booksellers call it, the *Breeches Edition* of 1824. The *second* is however the more valuable. Will posterity ever be made acquainted with the mystery belonging to this *small-clothes* designation? C. P.

whose purses are usually well lined with pistoles? In what an age of effeminacy among men, and of utter nonchalance and apathy among women, do we now live! At the sale in question, scarcely "Three Gentlemen of Verona" were present. Mr. Evans eyed his auditory with evident marks of surprise and discomfort. He expected to have found—with the Campbells and Moors, the Galts, Bulwers, and Wards, of the day—half-a-score of Roxburghers, with the élite of the Athenæum, and even a due sprinkling of the fashionable *Bas Bleu*. He found no such thing. One or two authors, and a brace of M.P.'s only were present. The rest were booksellers; of whom Mr. Thorpe, as usual, occupied a good portion of the foreground: and, to his credit it must be added, became the largest bibliopolistic purchaser on the occasion.

Conticuère omnes intentique ora tenebant,

as Mr. Evans commenced his "prologue to the swelling act." It was evident, however, that an under current was running pretty strongly against the audible tide of speech: at times, even "*vox faucibus hæsit*." Still it was a good earnest harangue—well timed—and to those, who did not remember the "*oratio parainetica*" preceding the *sub hastâ* sale of the Valdarfer Boccaccio and the

vellum Livy of Sweynheim and Pannartz,* the effort was creditable and effective. But oh! Sir, what language can express the surprise of both auctioneer and company, when the *Monastery*, the first article in the sale, produced only the sum of £18. 18s. !† Where were ye, ye pains-taking, fiddle-faddling, indefatigable collectors of Franks—ye threaders of autographic scraps—ye *Album-ites*, “et hoc genus omne?”—where were ye “in that

* See a very full and particuar description of the sales of these celebrated volumes in the Ninth Day of the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. III. pp. 62-117. A sequel, of some interest, belongs to the narrative there disclosed. Earl Speneer, in the year 1819, at the sale of the library of the Marquis of Blandford, (now Duke of Marlborough,) who had purchased the Boeceaccio at the Duke of Roxburgh's sale for £2260., became possessed of that treasure for less than half the sum. The vellum Livy of 1469, which the late Sir M. Sykes, Bart. purchased at the sale of Mr. Edward's library in 1815, for £903, was purchased by Messrs. Payne and Foss, at the sale of Sir Mark's library in 1824, for £472. 10s., and sold by them to the late Mr. Dent for 500 guineas. At the sale of Mr. Dent's library in 1827, this book, for the *third* time, was disposed of by public auction, by Mr. Evans, to Messrs. Payne and Foss, for £262. 10s. It is now—and long may it there continue—in the very fine library of the Rt. Hon. Thos. Grenville. Could its first English possessor have survived the intelligence, that his DARLING LIVY would one day droop its wings so low?

† The lots, with their respective prices, were as follows:—
1. *The Monastery*, perfect, £18. 18s: 2. *Guy Mannering*, wanting a leaf at the end of vol. 2, £27. 10s: 3. *Old Mortality*, perfect, £33: 4. *The Antiquary*, perfect, £42: 5. *Rob Roy*, perfect, £50: 6. *Peveril of the Peak*, perfect, £42: 7.

hour?" One would have thought that the original drafts of those master-pieces of human wit, eloquence, and passion—struck-off by the great KNOWN UNKNOWN—would have attracted crowds of competitors within the arena of Mr. Evans's auction-room: that scarcely breathing-space, much less standing-room, would have been afforded: and that Scotland herself would have furnished champions to carry off the richer prizes at the point of the claymore!

I own, that I was bewildered with the scene before me. I was, indeed, sorrow-stricken—chop-fallen—and evidently depressed. My friend perceived it. He essayed to sooth and to cheer me: but melancholy, as black and deep as any depicted by Bright or Burton,* had taken entire possession of me. I slunk quietly behind one of the square pillars, at right and left of the rostrum, and resolved to be a mute, but not unwatchful spectator of all around me. "What" (said I to myself,) "not *one* specimen for Bodley—for the British—for the London—for the Royal—for the Advocates—for Dublin?"† Then again for *indi-*

Waverley, imperfect, £18: 3. *The Abbot*, imperfect, £14: 9. *Ivanhoe*, imperfect, £12: 10. *The Pirate*, imperfect, £12: 11. *Fortunes of Nigel*, imperfect, £16. 16s. 12. *Kenilworth*, imperfect, £17: 13. *Bride of Lammermoor*, only 61 pages, £14. 14s.

* Bright's treatise on Melancholy was first published, I believe, in 1586—Burton's, in 1621.

† I presume, for the sake of brevity, the adjunct of "Li-

vidual competitorship. Where was Mr. D. T. and Mr. A., and Mr. U.? All asleep—as well as far away? It should seem so; for the produce of the whole lots did not amount to quite a *fifth* of what was expected.*

“Excidat ille dies ævo, neu postera credant
Sæcula!”

It will scarcely be believed, that the spirit evinced at the previous sale of the late Mr. Hamper’s *Manuscripts*,† should have become, as if struck by some benumbing talisman, paralised at this. The man, whose genius had supplied such abundant food for delightful recreation and in-

brary,” has been purposely left out in the above designations. There is, I fear, a sad state of torpor—a chilling indifference to the genuine book-feeling—possessing many of the guardians of the above several public repositories. How hesitatingly, and how rarely, are purchases made!

* The fact, as I understood it, was THIS. The proprietors of the MSS. were offered by the trustees of the Advocates’ Library, £1000. for the whole. This offer was not thought sufficiently liberal; and the proprietors stood out for another thousand. This contre-projet was not listened to for a moment: and the hammer of Mr. Evans was in consequence to decide the matter irrevocably. The MSS. came to town; and the result of the entire sale of those that were put up was, as is above stated. We know there are such things as “out-standing one’s market.” The general impression was, at the outset, that they would average £50. a lot.

† The sale of Mr. Hamper’s printed books and MSS. took place in 1831. There was a most interesting mélange: and the last day’s sale of MSS. and autographs, produced above £1100.

struction, for the last thirty-years, had the mortification to learn that the *autographic* taste of his vaunting Southern neighbours was a mere capricious impulse—a childish and fickle conceit—without intelligible motive or object. Giving my friend the slip, I stole sulkily away; resolving to bid adieu to book-sales and book-purchases, of every description, for *one* season. This unexpected result expedited my departure from town; and I found myself at *Laurel Lodge*, a thoughtful, disappointed inmate—when I had hoped to have entered it with alacrity and glee. At first, I was not only disconsolate, but absolutely peevish and irritable. As before intimated, I seemed to loathe my library. I even shunned society. I sought only my alcove and sweet-briar walks; but the blossoms had lost their hue and fragrance. The sky was never clear. The heavens were never blue. The throstle had learned the chatter of the jay. The nightingale was always in C flat.

Another consideration has somewhat damped my spirits, and helped to give the leaves of the beech and the oak (in my lower-meadow-walk) a premature “sere and yellow” tinge. Just before my departure from town, I made a few book-pilgrimages from one end of it to the other. Starting from the corner of Cornhill, where those most respectable brothers—the *Gemini* of the eastern hemisphere—reside, I leisurely strolled towards St. James’s Palace; calling, as my cus-

tom ever was, upon several bibliopoles in my way. To begin with my start. Time was, Sir, as you know full-well, and better than myself, when more than *one* British merchant would let his carriage drop down a few paces towards the London Tavern, (for the racket and roar of the four crossing roads, or streets, put the wheels of a gentleman's carriage in great jeopardy) and its inmate would step into the shop of Messrs. J. & A. Arch—and after a little pleasant interchange of literary gossip, take down—ay, and forthwith take *up*, and away with him, into his carriage—more than one portly folio, or wide-spreading quarto. I have known a whole row of a choicely coloured *Buffon*, in the former shape—and a whole series of the *Chronicles*, in the latter shape—disposed of in a trice, by a customer, who not only knew what he was about, but who loved, as regularly as the January dividends came in, to stand square and firm upon the credit side of the booksellers' ledger.* “How comes it,” quoth I, “gentlemen, that there is nothing now *stirring* in this way?—that over the gilded tops of these volumes there is a somewhat dense layer of dust? and that, across yonder set of Grævius and Gronovius, the spider hath been allowed to spin his subtle web?” The answer was prompt, and too well founded. “Bib-

* The late Mr. Rennie used to say—“I am upon good terms with all the booksellers, and there is one thing for which they *ought* to like me—I never go to a *Sale* for any thing that I can get at a *shop*.” M. R.

liomania was no more. The canons of Dr. Dibdin were no longer assented to. A frightful heresy was abroad. The wished for *Reform in Parliament*, like Aaron's serpent, had swallowed up every other interest and pursuit; and books were now only the shadow of what they were. However, let but a *perfect Coverdale's Bible* turn up, and we shall see whether the strong box cannot afford a *settler*—to the tune of £100.—for its acquisition!"

The *Roc* was the next quarter to be visited:—not, however, without giving a look-in at Messrs. Leggatt, and Jennings and Chaplin, in my route thither. I will own, that this "look-in" rather gratified me. I love to see human beings rubbing their hands, and, in the quick movements of their eyes and tongues, giving demonstration that joy was touching their hearts. I found Mr. Leggatt not only in high feather, but in high glee. His prints had met with a prosperous sale. Gentlemen now and then got a little breathing time from that Pandæmonium of speculation (the S. E.) and passing a few minutes with him, frequently scribbled a cheque for a *Wilkie* or a *Turner*. "We shortly expect (said Mr. Leggatt, raising his voice and arms simultaneously) the *Chelsea Pensioners* out;* and then the town will be

* The "Chelsea Pensioners" ARE out—emblazoning numerous shop-windows—delighting the looker-on, and making the purchaser supremely happy. I learn that, already, np-

quite alive." Mr. Jennings received me evidently under the impression that *Annals** were likely to become *Perennials*. The "Landscape Annual," was to be eminently successful. Mr. Rogers' "*Italy*" had proved a mine of wealth to all the parties concerned. Books, to be sure, were rather on the wane; but Engravings, when

wards of £8000. worth of this print are disposed of—and that the French paper proofs are not yet delivered. Rare doings for Pall Mall!—making the face of the "*Moon*" to shine like that of the sun. I remember the painting of this picture: how carefully, how laboriously, how anxiously, the great artist pursued his toil. I see, at this moment, the light-horseman and his charger introduced into the little garden, behind Mr. Wilkie's house in Phillimore Place, Kensington—and, yet more interesting objects, I see the old pensioners flocking round the artist's easel, and marking their several physiognomies—done to the life! It is a glorious production of art: a thoroughly national picture:—but Mr. Wilkie knows that I never shall, or can, forgive him, on account of the *Oyster Heresy*. No woman was ever seen opening oysters in June. She might just as well have been selling cherries and currants. I hope yet to have the good fortune to possess an India proof of this interesting composition: but every time that I look at it, I almost heave a sigh that the engraving had not been of such extent as to admit of the faces being a fifth of an inch larger. The Blind Fiddler, by the same engraver (Mr. Burnett,) is to my eye beyond all praise. But . . . what an ORIGINAL!

* I am at war with the ANNUALS; because they are so *very* beautiful, and, like beauties of almost every description, are so likely to be *seductive*. Will they not—may they not—in the long run, be ruinous to the best interests of the GENUINE SCHOOL OF ENGRAVING? Some of the cleverest Artists in the kingdom are engaged in them—engaged, not merely to plough the copper, but in an expectancy of a cer-

embedded in printed text, promised well. A thousand delicious objects of art were already in *petto*. The Heaths, the Findens, and the Pyes—

tain share of profit arising from the sale. This year has seen the birth of two new adventurers, under the titles of Mr. Heath's *Picturesque Annual*, from the designs of Stanfield, and the *Continental Tourist*. The former of these is transcendently beautiful; such silvery skies, and pellucid waters, and delicious architectural accompaniments, have been rarely before seen. But no subsequent attempt can ever efface from my memory the extreme gratification I felt on opening the leaves of the *first* KEEPSAKE. Like "first loves," the impression is indelible. Much as I admire graphic art, in almost every way, and regularly as I present my family each year with the two works mentioned in the text, I must yet throw out the suspicion, introduced at the opening of this note,—will not these *Annals* injure the "genuine school of Engraving?" Messrs. Raimbach, and Burnett, and Pyc and Robinson, do not desert that path, which, in due time, will lead them to rival the "*John Hunter*," or the *Doctors of the Church*, by the illustrious Sharpe. On a great scale of Engraving, the Continent beats us: but the French are absolutely stark mad about our GRAPHIC BIJOUTERIE.

Doubtless the "Italy" of Mr. ROGERS (of which the Engravings form by no means its *exclusive* charm) was enough, at first sight, to take the judgment captive, and to waft the spectator, in imagination, to the several spots delineated. Never were text and embellishments so successfully—so happily—dovetailed. The book rose rapidly in estimation and price: and it is now at £1. 11s. 6d. a cheap volume. But if the magical pencil of Turner, in these condensed and minute efforts, appear marvellous, look at the grand Engravings—the one by Wallis, the other by Pyc—from the pencil of the same Artist! The latter almost makes me forget Woollet. THIS is the School of Engraving—the style of Art—in which I hope yet to live to see a *cento* of competitors.

the Watts, the Doos, and the Cosins—had more work on hand than the life of a centenarian could accomplish : and folks might croak at the West-end of the town, but with the prospect of Sir John Key's second mayoralty before them, the City was never in a more healthy and flourishing condition." This was the substance of what I gathered from that most seductive of City repositories of graphic art, of which Mr. Jennings brandishes the baton of chief command.

I next entered the *Row*; and calling in at the well-known No. 39, mounted, according to custom, to the upper regions, where the "Janitor aulæ" received me in his usually kind and subdued manner. Mr. Reader was not, however, as I remembered him in "the olden time." Block-books formed no longer his moveable body-guard. Editiones Principes, Spanish Chronicles, and Portuguese Romancers, had ceased to become his shifting companions. Every thing venerable and curious seemed to stick with glue-like tenacity. But to compensate, there were "brisk doings" below stairs. A whole army of Lilliputians, headed by Dr. Lardner, was making glorious progress in the Republic of Literature. *Science, History, and Art*, each and all contributed to render such progress instrumental to the best interests of the body politic—nor, as it became the credit of such a bibliopolistic fraternity, as that of Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown,

and Green, (there are no more, I believe) was *Religion* absent: for when I descended, I found your “SUNDAY LIBRARY” as a flank company to the “CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.” Will you forgive me, if, in running over the pages of this useful little *Corpus Theologicum*, I remark, that you seem to have stepped out of your ordinary habits, and to have turned a “deaf ear” to the theological “charmers” of the *seventeenth* century? I suppose, however, you have good reason for this deviation from your hitherto established custom.*

* It is but right to add, that the Editor of the Sunday Library defends himself, were any defence needful, against any censurable charge on this head;—by the following remarks in the preface to the sixth and last volume of the work.

“Another consideration, of no secondary importance, has also had its weight with the Editor. While he has felt a conviction that the sermons of Barrow, South, Tillotson, Atterbury, Secl, Sherlock, Jortin, and many others, are already before the public in numerous forms—and moreover, that the spirit and style of the greater part of these Sermons may be said not to be in exact conformity with the tastes of the majority of hearers of the present day—(for it should seem that there is a *fashion* in Pulpit Divinity, as in every thing else)—while the Editor has been influenced (justly or not) by a reflection of this nature—he has been also influenced by one, which he deems to be of a higher cast of character. He has been urged to make this selection, as the Reader has it before his eyes, from a conviction, that *modern days* are not exempt from the display of GREAT TALENTS in almost every department of clerical labour; and that, if our present Sermons are less learned, less elaborate, less divided and subdivided into various branches of enquiry,

I continued my route westerly. Could I pass the Publisher of *Walton* and *Walpole*, *De Foe* and *Hogarth**—without looking in to see how

“ they are eminently distinguished for strength, compactness,
 “ and perspicuity of style, with earnestness and even eloquence
 “ of persuasion. There is also, generally speaking, more
 “ miction—more spiritual consolation—in the majority of them.

“ If, on the one hand, there be nothing in the range of
 “ modern divinity, as it respects Sermons, comparable with
 “ the magnificent imagery and prodigal copiousness of Jeremy
 “ Taylor, or with the acute reasoning and energetic diction of
 “ Barrow, or with the solid learning and masculine vigour of
 “ Sherlock; so, on the other hand, may we challenge the
 “ ‘olden school’ to produce compositions more sweet, more
 “ winning and instructive, than those of HORNE and POR-
 “ TEUS; or more luminous and convincing than those of
 “ HORSLEY and PALEY. And if a spirit of meekness, and
 “ of almost apostolic primitiveness of character, added to deep
 “ learning and harmonious style, be sought for, who, in times
 “ gone by, shall we place above the late gentle and lamented
 “ HEBER? It were bad taste, perhaps, to eulogise the *living*;
 “ but the Editor is much deceived, if, in the pages of this
 “ ‘Selection,’ there be not found specimens of sound scrip-
 “ tural analysis, accurate reasoning, and powerful declama-
 “ tion, which yield to no productions of a similar nature that
 “ have preceded them.” p. vii.

* *Walton’s Angler* and *Lives*,—as they are technically called, and as they are put forth by Mr. Major—will continue to find, as they have already found, thousands of purchasers. They are the cheapest, prettiest, and completest editions extant. The neatness of the printing, and propriety of the ornaments, are in perfect harmony. When these attractive volumes (and especially the *Angler*) first appeared, there were some indirect and clumsy attempts at impugning the HUMANITY of that most gentle of all earthly creatures, ISAAC WALTON!—and this, forsooth, because he had given minute instructions

matters, in the way of trade, were going on? I could not: and learnt, with no small gratifica-

about fixing the *frog* and *worm*-baits! Our publisher's indignation vented itself on the occasion in the following manly sentiments, and vigorous couplets:

“ Go hypocrite! indulge thy secret hate,
Of all that's open, manly, good, or great;
For slight obliquities affect remorse,
But act enormities as things of course:
Spare the *blunt insect* from thy just controul,
And save thy tortures for the *human soul*!
Strike at *man's heart*, and then serenely sleep,
Assur'd the wound is exquisite as deep!”

The *Lives of the Painters*, by Walpole, with Notes by the Rev. Mr. Dallaway, form five perfectly resplendent volumes. The coarse, hard, metallic effect of the heads in the old editions is here transmuted into a natural tone of flesh. Several portraits are engraved from original pictures for the first time: and the new matter, supplied by the tasteful Editor, can leave no doubt of the gradual disappearance of the earlier impressions. In the good old times of Bibliomania, this work would have walked, of its own accord, into the mahogany book-cases of half the Collectors in London.

The *Robinson Crusoe*, with cuts from the master-hand of Cruikshank, to which are prefixed some thoroughly beautiful stanzas by Bernard Barton, contains the purest text of the author extant—from a collation of the edition of 1719, with the subsequent ones. This publication forms two prettily paired duodecimos:—sparkling with wood-cuts. How diversified—how powerful—the talents of the Artist by whom they are adorned! Look at the cut of Robinson Crusoe (vol. i. p. 135,) elapsing his hands in extasy, as he throws his eyes to heaven over the treasures first disclosed to his mind in the BIBLE—opened before him! Then look at his man Friday (vol. II. p. 45,) eapering on the discovery of his Father among some captured Indians! Was ever such wild joy before so delineated?

tion, that the wheel of fortune had not turned round so capriciously, as, from the general pressure abroad, might have been expected. The *Robinson Crusoe* was “looking up” in the market; and now that the moralising *Hogarth* was perfected, the Publisher was on the eve of bargaining for a good set of morocco skins, to consign numerous copies to their appropriate clothings.

I then made a slight deviation into Chancery-lane—for the purpose of enquiring how the *Aldine Poets* were going on?—how soon the lordly edition of *Walton** was likely to blaze abroad in the open day?—and whether the old regiment of *body-guards* still kept their stations upon the shelves? It gratified me to receive rather a comforting answer to these quæres; and when I observed that the large paper copies of your *Bib-*

The *Hogarth Moralised* is, to my fancy, among the most winning graphic volumes of the day. The text is that of Dr. Trussler; but instructive notes are frequently added. the prints are not mere re-engravings from the wretched exhibitions of art in Dr. Trussler’s book, but are of a larger form, and executed by some of our best artists. I remember when Dr. Trussler’s book once brought the sum of £11. 11s.: so much were the public enamoured of the name of Hogarth! and loved this epitome, wofully as it was executed, of his larger prints. Trussler’s old edition now struggles hard, as many a one who has purchased it may, to find a *guinea*.

* The *Angler* of Walton is here alluded to. It is an edition blazing with the choicest graphic art, and likely to become permanently stationary amidst the more costly volumes of a well-furnished library. M. R.

liomania, *Tour*, *Decameron* and *Classics*, had not yet met with a bargainer of mettle sufficient to remove them from their present position, I own that I was well pleased to hear their present possessor declare, that nothing short of “a good round sum” should tempt him to part with them—should they even linger there till doomsday! Mr. Pickering had however disposed of his Caxton’s *Golden Legend*; which had been carted away as one of the huge stones to help to build the book-pyramid of EUPHORMIO.* “But the Jenson and Froben-loving days (said Mr. P. with a sub-tremulous note) are gone—never to return! Who, in these times, looks at *old* vellums or *young* vellums?†”

Sympathising sincerely in these ejaculations, I took my departure for the newly established Repository of Mr. Henry Bohn—who, to his

* If Euphormio *finish* the Pyramid which he is erecting, as scientifically, and with as good materials, as he has laid the *foundation*, N** Hall will be the *second* BOOK-LION in Northamptonshire. It is needless to say which is the FIRST. M. R.

† Of the modern publications lately put forth by Mr. Pickering, *two* have been printed in a very beautiful and highly creditable manner upon VELLUM: one, the Holbein cuts, in one volume, being illustrations of the Old Testament—of which there were six copies: the other, the reprint of Tyrwhitt’s Chaucer, in 5 volumes 12mo. of which there were only two. The former were published at £10. 10s.; the latter at £52. 10s. the copy—elegantly bound in moroeco. They are tomes, which, in the genuine times of book-orthodoxy, would have caused the eye to sparkle and the heart to rejoice.

credit be it spoken, a long time allowed his *velum Sforziada* to divide his affections with his newly espoused Bride. Mr. Bohn was as down-cast as some of his neighbours; attributing the paralisis in books to the agitation of the question of *Reform in Parliament*—and adding, most justly, that “NOW—OR NEVER—was the moment to make extensive and judicious purchases. Considering his short career, as a trader on his *own* bottom, he was thankful for the support which he had received, and was perhaps as well off as those about him—but it could not be denied that there was, at times, sore sighing from the bottom of the heart.”

From Mr. Bohn's it was little more than a hop, step, and a jump, to Mr. Thorpe's. I found that redoubted Bibliopolist recumbent upon his sofa—embedded in his books—nothing daunted at the penury of present, compared with former, prices—still concocting catalogues, with a zeal and celerity quite unparalleled*—anxious for their distribution—a Manuscript here, a *Giunta* there—Aldines, the Gryphii—broadside ballads,† and

* A collection of all these catalogues would be a curious one; were it only to mark the progressive depreciation of prices frequently attached to the same article: but the possession of all the articles *themselves* would be a more curious result—and infinitely more gratifying to their *vendor*!

† It was late one evening when I caught a glance, and *but* a glance, of a collection of BALLAD-BROADSIDES, very

dainty devices—a “groat’s worth of wit,” with the “Seven Sorrowful Sobs of a Sinner”—Grollier, Maioli, and De Thou copies:—a grove of sapling duodecimos—a forest of towering folios! Our discourse turned chiefly upon the late sales, and particularly upon that of the *Waverly MSS.*—of which I have before “poured my plaint in your ear.” “Would that I had purchased them *all!*” exclaimed the animated Bibliopolist. “Yes Sir, *all*. They would have quitted my shelves within a week of the purchase.” But in *other* matters:—tell me, do the “dear Fifteeners” wag their tails, as if about to take a prosperous flight? “Alas, Sir, (replied my informant) they seem, on the contrary, to be tied down by the stiffest birdlime that ever was manufactured. There stand my early Jeroms, and Austins, and Lactantiuses. There slumber my Jenson and Spira Latin Classics. No nimble-footed, liberal-hearted * * * as of old, to visit my retired boudoir, and to tempt me with a “fell swoop!” Everything lingers: everything stands stock-still. The dust on yonder set of *Acta Sanctorum* will soon produce me a good crop of carrots—from the seed sown there about two-years ago. Lite-

recently obtained by Mr. Thorpe—in a condition, perfectly surprising, and with cuts, occasionally the most grotesque which can be imagined. At the sale of the Roxburghe Library, such a handful of oddities would have brought a great-coat pocket full of guineas. M. R.

rature is perishing. The country is undone." Here the post entered with a letter from a great Etonian Collector, to know if the *Vellum Aldus* had arrived? Mr. Thorpe's eyes sparkled—for an instant only. There was no chance of its arrival. And if it *did*, ought it not to go to Spencer House, or to Cleveland Square?

"Le bon tems viendra"—quoth I to my worthy informant—and some three-hundred steps brought me to Mr. Ackermann's. I found that ever-green Veteran with a mind as active as heretofore. His forthcoming "*Forget-me-not*"*—the parent of that numerous offspring of Annuals, which seem very much disposed to run riot, and to rebel against that parent—was just then preparing to put on its gilded wings to fly abroad; together with its younger sister, the "*Juvenile Forget-me-not*." Mr. Ackermann's Prints, his Pictures, his *matériel* for Drawing and Painting, his publications of fashion and taste, were displayed, on all sides, as radiant as the banners in St. George's Chapel. His activity of mind—his

* The *real* parent of the Annuals is the *Buchandler* of the Germans: a duodecimo, printed not very beautifully, upon paper of a second-rate quality. The engravings are the chief attractions. "Upon this hint," Mr. Ackermann "spake"—in his "*Forget-me-not*:" a pleasing and instructive manual, thickly studded with plates, and of which a good lusty impression of about 16,000 copies is regularly struck off. "The *Juvenile Forget-me-not*," a comparatively recent publication, may be called a younger brother of its precursor.

courtesy of demeanour—his thorough *germane* bon-homme—were as conspicuous and pleasant as ever. Still “things were horribly flat. No money was stirring. The young ladies had slackened in enthusiasm. The roses and lilies and lilacs were shedding their lustre and perfumes in vain. Parents drew in their purse-strings tighter than ever. The Reform had frightened away everything. The foreign market was glutted to the very throat.”

I then dropt down a few paces to Mr. Cochrane, whom I found as zealously as ever attached to his old Divinity: especially to large paper, or singularly clean, copies of the seventeenth century. The beautiful old morocco folios of Jeremy Taylor and Isaac Barrow, and Chillingworth and Mede, had but recently—after tarrying some nineteen-months—taken their departures. The *Acta Sanctorum* had been courted in vain. Thirteen beneficed clergymen were in the habit of eying it askance—of first taking up one volume, and then another. But no wooer’s ardour had yet mounted to the courage of directly “popping the question.” The Reform was the real or pretended excuse for holding back. Retracing my steps, I steadily paced onward to the *Castor and Pollux* of Pall Mall:—and there entering a suite of book-rooms, in which, in former times, I was wont to see assembled some of the more eminent *Literati* of the day—Archbishops, Bishops, Earls,

Doctors in Divinity and in Physic, Academics, renowned in either University—Senators, Judges, Lawyers, Wits, Poets, and Punsters—I gave myself up to profound reverie. Not a mouse was stirring—in other words, the managing Partner was alone, pacing the quarter deck. . . .

And started back, he knew not why . . .
E'en at the sound himself had made!

The master-spirit had departed to a better world. In imagination, I embodied him, seated in his arm-chair—his favourite *Sessæ* cat purring by his side : one leg duly balanced across the other : a pinch of snuff in his right-hand : his spectacles, now raised to his forehead—now resting tranquilly upon their wonted seat. The gentle salute . . . the kind enquiry . . . the desultory, cosy gossip . . . the retreat to the brill and beef-steak*—the Boraccio-flavoured sherry, the full-bodied port, the fragrant Souchong, the departure “au révoir!” Then again, as touching “stock in trade.” Vellums, large papers, uncuts:—Jenson reposing here, Mentelin slumbering soundly there. Azzoguidi and Aldus—Giunti and Giolito,—Wykyn de Worde and Wyer . . . all intertwined in somnolent embrace. Long sets and short sets—great Councils and little Councils—Decretals and Dictionaries—Chronicles and Cancioneros, and poetry without end !

* See *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. III, p. 152-437.—M.R.

All these things, as I remembered them in former times, came across me in my late autumnal visit ; and I had almost “dropped some natural tears,” had not Mr. Foss, seeing my distress, placed before me their last importation from the Continent. MSS. of the Greek Gospels, and Latin Bibles of the twelfth century:—large paper Alduses—vellum Plantins—crackling Elzevirs. The folio Robinson’s Hesiod, uncut—the Homeric Eustathius of 1542, in similar condition—and the first Odyssey of 1488, upon vellum!*

But where are your expected purchasers, gentlemen? “Alas, Sir, with the exception of the Eustathius,† all these lovely tomes are likely to become *stickers*. Modern books and ancient books—the *Row* and the *Via Appia*—are equally destitute of attraction. The Reform, Sir, the Reform—or perhaps booksellers, like the Romans, have had their day. Whenever we see cases of old books arrive from Milan, or from Paris, we

* This truly beautiful book was bought at the sale of the library of the late Mr. Dent, for £142.: but alas! it wants its “better half.” TOGETHER, bad as are the times—and epidemic as may be the *Cholera*—they would bring hard upon the half of a thousand-pound.

† This Eustathius—with a first Homer, of first-rate quality too—is now the property, as I have been given to understand, of the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey of Eton College. In the Storer Collection, in the same college, there is a copy of this Eustathius, of which the first volume is of a dazzling whiteness—scarcely to be exceeded by that of the snow on Himalaya’s loftiest peak!

absolutely lack the courage to open them. Not so in former times. The chisel and the hammer then went merrily to work—and ere you could say “Jack Robinson,” the lovely book-treasures, membranaceous or otherwise, were arranged in inviting order upon the floor. Within forty-eight hours, up started a tribe of contending purchasers—and the articles seemed to march off in double quick time, as if set in motion by the tap of the drum. How long will it be ere we hear the sound of that tapping again?” “My good friend, (rejoined I—gradually receding towards the small intermediate room, and there becoming stationary), you must be well acquainted with the character of public taste in this country. The moon is not more changeful than that taste is fickle. Things cannot long remain at this very low water-mark—there will soon be an *ebbing*, to be succeeded by a *full flowing tide* of patronage and brisk trade. Let but the Reform Bill pass—and only let MARCUS break the shell of his minority—and you shall see what a broadside of golden balls will be poured into the ranks of yonder closely wedged octavos and duodecimos—all sparkling in their red coats, furnished from the manufactories of *Descuil* and *De Rome*. Take courage. A reaction must take place.”

I essayed to comfort my friend, but found him with difficulty to be consoled: and with a spirit of dejection, which had now gradually in-

creased since I had quitted the corner of Cornhill, paid my eleventh, and last, visit to the renowned Publisher of the Quarterly Review. I have long considered Mr. Murray as the greatest “FAMILY” man in Europe ; and was therefore not surprised to find him surrounded by an extensive circle of *little ones*. A family man is usually a cheerful man: but the note of despondency was to be heard even *here*. “The Quarterly” was, however, in full plumage—winging its way, and still commanding the attention of an unabated crowd of admirers. Lord Byron was also to come forth in a new dress—shorter, and less flowing—but well-fitting, brilliant, and attractive. So far, so good: yet the taste for literature was ebbing. Men wished to get for *five*, what they knew they could not formerly obtain for *fifteen*, shillings. The love of quartos was well nigh extinct, in spite of the efforts of a neighbouring forty-eight horse power engine, to restore that form to its usual fashion and importance. It was all in vain. There was no resisting the tide of fashion, or the force of custom:—call it as you might. Clear it was to *him*, that the dwarf had vanquished the giant—and that Laputa was lord-
ing it over Brobdignag.

Such were the sententious remarks of this discerning and high-spirited Bibliopolist.* On quit-

* Mr. Murray, like the best of us, may have his *capriccios* ; but I KNOW him to possess as warm a heart, and as munifi-

ting his premises, I observed palpable proofs of the absence of those “goodly quartos,” which, in former times, the public used to anticipate with such eager curiosity—and which, as containing a BODY OF TRAVELS, were the ornament—and will long continue to be the ornament—of every well-furnished Library.

Sir, I am among those old-fashioned fellows who love a *quarto* “to the heart’s core.” Gentlemen look more like gentlemen, when such tomes are spread out in rich magnificence before them. The whole is more in keeping. There is greater breadth in the picture: and if a folio or two—historical or topographical—Mr. Sharp’s *William of Malmsbury*, or Mr. Baker’s *History of Northamptonshire*—be seen as accessories in such a studio, I think this may be considered as the *summum bonum* of bibliomaniacal felicity. There is neither symptom nor apprehension of BIBLIOPHOBIA . . . here.

cent a spirit, as ever actuated mortal man. He was among the very first booksellers of his day who treated authors, of character and connection, with the respect due to gentlemen. Soft words and civil speeches are *one* thing—and generally mean little or *no*-thing; but a prompt and spirited remuneration—not the result of minute ledger-like calculations—is *another* thing: and such a thing as Mr. Murray has, in an hundred instances, manifested. As this testimony comes from one who has *not* received *author’s remuneration* from Mr. Murray, it may possibly be worth that “renowned” Bibliopole’s acceptance.

Before I returned home, I thought I would just step in and see what was going on amongst the *foreign* Booksellers. Accordingly I paid a hasty visit to Messrs. Treuttell, Wurtz, and Richter, Messrs. Bossange and Lowel, and Mr. Dulau. Here I learnt that, at Paris, booksellers were tumbling down like nine-pins. The presses of Didot, Crapelet, and Renouard were all paralysed. Scarcely a tympan or a frisket was flying. Mr. Richter groaned in spirit, when I asked him "how HUMBOLT was going on?" "No, Sir, we are all now for the *fugitives*—pasquinades, revolutionary *rockets* and *squibs*. Not a solid folio stirring. Even Bouquet's immortal work seems to be sputtering in the socket. And *here*—Reform and Cholera make misers put an extra lock upon their iron chests, and keep even adventurous spirits within doors. I have lived twenty-years in England, and never saw the like of these days." I felt half heart-broken as I descended Mr. Richter's flight of steps.

After such a bibliopolistic pilgrimage as that which I have described, I returned to my hotel with a heavy step, and in mournful spirits. I ought however, in common justice, to add, that the book picture here delineated—and perhaps a little surcharged with gloom—may be said to have a somewhat counteracting effect if I notice what usually takes place on *Almanack and Magazine* days. Mere accident put me into possession

of a fact, which may be worthy of your notice. Meeting a leading partner of one of the great houses in the Row, as he was threading his way towards Stationers' Hall, I was induced by him to come and witness the dispersion of the *Almanacks* for the ensuing year—it happening to be the last Monday in the month. As we approached the Hall, I saw a crowd of merry scramblers, some hatted, some paper-capped, and more without either hat or cap, pressing the large outer folding doors of the Hall—and joyously clamorous for admission. My guide obtained me an entrance by means of a private door, and mounting one of the tables of the Hall, I saw piles and pyramids of these Almanacks—ticketted according to their respective owners—and to be carried away by the many applicants without. The clock of the Hall struck three; the folding doors gradually expanded—and in rushed the importunate claimants! running in all directions—zig-zag, straight forward, and oblique—pouncing upon the bundles of their respective masters. All was laughter and good humour. Within three minutes, I saw an eight-feet cubical pile of these annual lucubrations—belonging to the house of Messrs. Longman & Co.—disposed of, and taken home; and was informed, by one of the partners, that, before St. Paul's clock would strike eight, every country bookseller's order would be despatched to him by the coach! On further en-

quiries, I learnt that in this article alone, *one* house (I think it was that of Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall) paid £4500. for the amount of its traffic. It was also, I learnt, within this same house that the *monthly publications* were chiefly collected for dispersion—when a scene of equal bustle and good humour might be witnessed.

But I return to my narrative; and with it to the *hotel* of which I have made mention above. That hotel (Cooper's, in Bouverie Street, Fleet Street) was wont to be the place of resort for Oxford men, for a series of years. It is delightfully central; and well calculated for the gratification of most of those pursuits, for the sake of which, English gentlemen leave their comfortable homes, and fancy that, without a *Spring in London*, their characters stand in jeopardy of being “called over the coals.” For a book-loving man, this street has, from the force of early reminiscences, a peculiar charm for me. At its corner, old Benjamin White, the Thomas Payne of the East, once lived, and caused all his noble folios and quartos to be displayed in skilful and meet array to attract the curious eye. But why do I dwell upon *Cooper's Hotel*? Simply to tell you that, on the very day of my return from my melancholy book-pilgrimage, I had invited an old Oxford friend—domiciled in one of the narrow streets of a City-living—to give me the meeting over a brace of trout and a roast fowl, and

to discourse as long and lustily as he pleased upon the topic of BIBLIOMANIA, as it respected *Book Collectors*. How the Roxburghe Club went on? How libraries had been disposed of, or purchased? Who continued “true to their guns?” And what havoc had been lately made in the ranks of the more eminent Bibliomaniacs, by that resistless and “insatiate archer,” DEATH?*

I collected from my friend the following details. “To *begin*,” says he, “with the *end*—of all things. Death hath swept away LEONTES, BAROCCIO, SEMPRONIUS, ARCHIMEDES, MELIADUS, and PALERMO.† They were six brave book-warriors in their day; men who, at sundry sales which need not now be named, used to

Flame in the front, or thunder in the rear!

They are now at rest—their libraries all dispersed—their symposia at an end!” Perceiving

* “Insatiate Archer! would not ONE suffice?”—YOUNG.

† Under these names were designated the late James Bindley, Esq., John Dent, Esq., Roger Wilbraham, Esq., John Rennie, Esq., Robert Lang, Esq., and John North, Esq. Their libraries were all sold by auction; the first and the last being by much the most costly in the produce. Of the illustrious engineer, Mr. Rennie, I possess, by the favour of his son, an impression of a mezzotint (private) plate, of the portrait of his father, from the never-erring chisel of Chantrey. There is also a private lithographie print of Mr. Lang, exceedingly like; and Mr. Donce possesses a drawing of the late Mr. Wilbraham—a small-whole length—done to the very life. “Ver Ipsissimus.”

my friend's voice to be getting tremulous, and something like a tear to be gathering in either eye, I bade him fill his glass again—which he did, requesting their memories to be drank “in solemn silence.” “But for the LIVING”—resumed I—“and to begin with ATTICUS.”

“Atticus” (replied he) “having exhausted the libraries of his own country, is gone to rifle the sweets of many of those abroad. Already have the Netherlands, France, and Bavaria, furnished him with the means of making mighty acquisitions. Already are houses and tenements in Brussels, Paris, and Nuremberg, crammed with these treasures:—and what further conquests of this kind he meditates achieving, it were perhaps vain to enquire. HORTENSIVS, now elevated to the Bench, still deigns to look with complacency upon his ‘parchment-kivered’ old quarto poetry; and the Library of LICIVS is yet as full of *witchery* as ever: but both these Collectors, eminent in their way, appear to me to be a little influenced by the *Bibliophobia*—for they seldom or never even send commissions for purchases. To be sure, the love of *numismatic* lore hath of late had a strong influence over the mind of the Baron—producing a sort of divided attachment between books and coins: . . and long may he indulge BOTH . . to any extent or excess he pleases! I think that his correct taste and fine feeling will, in due time, lead him to sacrifice a little of his love of *British*

Coins and Medals for a few acquisitions of *Greek* and *Carthaginian* workmanship. When I say this, I do not wish him to part with his Perkin Warbeck's Groat, Henry VII.'s Shilling, Edward III.'s gold quarter Florin, Henry VIII.'s George Noble, or Edward VI.'s Double Sovereign—all in such very precious condition—to say nothing of the Mary's Royal, Charles I.'s Oxford Pound Piece, and the Medallion of George I. on being made Elector of Hanover. These he may keep, and welcome: and Simon's Petitioning Crown-piece* into the bargain. But a few specimens of the purer Greek, and the winning Syracusan, may not be ill bestowed: although he must despair of a *Mithridates*, and if he even step over into Egypt, will explore in vain for a *Ptolemy Philopater*.†

* It has been my peculiarly fortunate lot, to hold in *each* hand one of these "Petitioning Crowns"—concerning which a long gossiping story is extant. Simon was about to be intrigued out of his place in the Mint; and to shew Charles II. to what a state of perfection his numismatic talent had attained, and how little he feared a rival on the score of skill, he struck this medal—"petitioning," round the rim of it, for the retention of his place. To my eye, the device (the head of Charles) wants breadth and boldness, and the hair has a wiry minuteness. The reverse is, I think, very tame and unmeaning.

† Perhaps the *rarest* gold ancient coin in existence. There are *two* Ptolemies—but *that*, with the adjunct of "*Philopater*," is, I believe, only in England: in two collections. France has long languished for it—and the late Mr. Payne Knight almost died for it. The British Museum has it not. The

“Wearied in his pursuit after *Ever-greens*, and deeming his quiver of old poetry to be as complete as he can reasonably expect it to be, LICIUS “rests upon his oars” . . the more so, as he finds the vessel of life gently dropping down to the lee shore—where all similar vessels must, in due course, be locked up in the inner harbour. Years, my friend, (exclaimed my guest in a more animated tone of voice, and with considerable expression of excitement)—upwards of twenty-years have passed away—since the author of the *Bibliomania* described the heroes of his first auction-fight: and more than a good round dozen of these twenty, since the *Decameron* of the same author contained his account of the second auction contest. Great changes must occur within such a period. Men not only cannot live for ever, but must be prepared for alterations in their habits, as well as in their looks. Catalogues are not opened with the wonted activity of earlier life; and the countenance betrays marks of picturesque indentation. But this case is not peculiar to Licius—who bears his life’s cam-

Ptolemy, *without* the adjunct, is also of such rarity, that it was not lately in the Museum; although Mr. Young, the coin dealer—the gentle, the urbane, the well-instructed and upright Mr. Young—shewed me a specimen, which he valued at fourscore pounds. I have handled the *Philopater* Ptolemy—in the same collection from which I was supplied (for a moment, only!) with the two Petitioning Crowns—mentioned in the preceding note: and *what* a collection THAT is!

paign bravely ; considering what an over anxious, buffetting, and even agitated life *that is*. There is BERNARDO—turned his Sexagenarian corner—who now lets hawks and buzzards fly unheeded over his head . . all, forsooth, because a copy of his beloved Juliana Berners was knocked down at the freezing price of thirty-five shillings ! The report was, that he fainted*—and was carried out speechless from Mr. Sotheby's well garnished auction-room—that this fainting was succeeded by a good, solid, roaring fit of the gout, which kept him six-months within doors—during the whole of which period, the only benefit or comfort he derived, was, from mixing nine-grains of *Ritson's tartar* with three table-spoons-full of *Brathwait's emollient* ! The BIBLIOPHOBIA has seized *him*, too—for he scarcely ever budges abroad into a bookseller's shop, and has lately betrayed a very whimsical taste in buying oil paintings, of piscatory subjects, to illustrate his *Waltonian Chamber*. I do not however accuse either of these book-champions of *not* being 'true to their guns.'

* There is another version of this story. It was said, that a bookseller had marked his editorial labours upon this curious old work at thirty-five shillings, in his catalogue—labours, which in better times, used to bring the sum of £12. 12s. ! Bernardo took this as a direct insult—and a CHALLENGE was sent forth-with: the field of battle, Little Britain ! On a very careful enquiry, I find no truth in this report—although I am not disposed to question the accuracy of the anecdote recorded in the text.

“ What a change in HONORIO!—who has now turned his Septuagenarian corner. His glorious library has vanished like the morning dew:—his pictures, finding the separation insupportable, resolved to share the fate of their beloved companions—and *they* too are dispersed, never to be reunited. Meanwhile, their late master resorts again to his *Floral* recreations—to his beds of dahlia and banks of rododendron. He rises betimes to sniff the crisp air of the morning, to hear the lark warble in mid-sky . . .

The cock’s shrill clarion, and the echoing horn !

He is yet firm of foot, ardent in imagination, joyous in discourse . . and, to his eternal praise it must be added, still keeps a delicious specimen of his once beloved *Jenson*, to cheer his heart and delight his eyes. This is a redeeming trait of character which cannot be too much commended. But his LIBRARY was indeed, in many respects, of a most commanding cast of character. To think of Cardinal Ximenes’ *own* vellum copy of his *Complutensian Polyglot* being now buried in the vicinity of the Melton Mowbray hunting Club! His Vellum Didot Horace—unique in ALL respects—and lately clad in the exquisite garniture of Charles Lewis*—is *well* placed in its present si-

* Charles Lewis lavished the whole mystery of his art upon this capacious and exquisitely got up folio. See it noticed in

tuation. Euphormio makes it a sort of book-shrine, of which he most religiously keeps the key. But if I look back at the sale of any *one* article, out of this extraordinary collection, with more satisfaction than another, it is in the acquisition of the Luther Bible* by the British Museum."

Finding my friend's voice here beginning to grow a little rough and wiry, I begged he would replenish his glass—and proposed "the health of *Honorio*—as honest a whig as ever quaffed *Rudersheimer* in the genuine green-embossed glass"—by way of a sweetner to the draught. He drank it with enthusiasm, and continued. "PAMPHILUS, the nephew of Honorio, is unflinchingly true to his guns. He throws out his lead, to sound carefully as he goes—but when he gets into water shal-

the *Decameron*, vol. III. p. 139. It cost Mr. Hibbert £140. in boards—in which state it was purchased by Messrs. Payne and Foss, at Mr. Hibbert's sale, and sold, as above mentioned, to Euphormio. Charles Lewis, latterly, had *open* days for company to come and gaze upon it. The unrivalled Willement depicted the coat of arms of the present owner, on the vellum fly-leaf, and drew the patterns for the silver-gilt clasps. I should pronounce THIS to be the most tasteful, as well as most gorgeously bound, volume in Christendom! M. R.

* This had been the property of Mr. Edwards, and is fully described in the *Decameron*, vol. III. pp. 123-4. It was purchased at Mr. Edwards' sale for £89., and was sold at Mr. Hibbert's sale for £260. I saw it carried triumphantly into a hackney-coach; and within twenty-minutes of its departure, it was deposited in the British Museum. M. R.

lower than “quarter less five,” he puts the helm about, and makes directly for port. I can scarcely mention so *virtuously seductive* a book as his illustrated copy of Mr. Ormerod’s *Cheshire*. I have known a large party kept in perfect good humour, full twenty-seven minutes after the dinner had been expected to be announced, by turning over its leaves, emblazoned with heraldic embellishments by the skilful and indefatigable Thomson—and I think you will allow this to be a pretty severe test; as no crisis of human existence puts men’s patience so sharply upon the tenter-hooks, as *that* which precedes a *dinner*—when the party is all arrived. You may try a *Chronicle* printed by *Verard*, or *Gratian’s Decretals* by *Eggesteyn*, but it is dull work: it won’t do: the ladies throw a freezing glance; the elderly gentlemen yawn. No, my friend, it is at *such* a crisis that we want embellished volumes—missals, radiant with burnished gold—or topography, illustrated like the Ormerod’s *Cheshire* of Pamphilus. Still, I understand that nothing hath been stirring of late in the library of Pamphilus—no additional weight to try the strength of his shelves: neither folios, nor quartos, nor octavos. All remains *in statu quo*: and content to rest on his oars, as a successful Editor of *Mysteries*, and archæological expositor of Elizabethan Carriages, he shrinks from the task of any farther developement of British Antiquities. It should seem as if the fear of *Reform*, or of *Cholera*, had been at work here.

“ PHILELPHUS has lately accomplished a singularly bold achievement. Unwilling or unable to throw out his net to entice more fish, he has chosen to trim and adorn, and make much of, those that remain in his custody. Of your friend Dr. Dibdin’s DECAMERON, he possesses a copy bound in TEN volumes, ornamented to suffocation with embellishments. Charles Lewis had a *carte blanche* to do the needful in *his* way; and such a series, or congeries, of graphic illustrations—comprising everything remote or capricious—was surely never before concentrated or brought together. A party might be kept in good humour from dinner to supper-time by a studious examination of its contents. But it is time to make mention of CRASSUS and PROSPERO. The former is still wedded to his Topography and English History—and has lately made himself master of a copy of *Picart’s Religious Ceremonies*, for which no cost was spared to render it an acquisition of the very first water. There are few *spreads* equal to that of the spread of *these* volumes. I know of no parallelogram-shaped library which has a more joyous, yet chaster aspect, than that of Crassus;—and although he, like his friend Pamphilus, rarely ventures into deep water, still it is pleasing to see how gaily he trims his wherry, and always contrives to keep the wind setting ‘in the shoulder of his sail.’*

* “ ——— lenis crepitans vocat Auster in altum.”

Aen. lib. III. 70.

“ It will delight you, I am sure, to hear that PROSPERO is yet in the full exercise of his ‘enchanter’s wand’—yet ‘true to his guns’—which he sometimes double shots and treble shots. His maple-wooded bookcases rejoice the eye by the peculiar harmony of their tint,—with the rich furniture which they enclose. Here a bit of old bright stained glass—exhibiting the true long-lost *ruby tint*:—there, an inkstand, adorned in high cameo-relief, by the skill of John of Bologna:—a little regiment, pyramidally piled, of the rarest China cups, out of which seven successive Emperors of China quaffed the essence of bohea. Persian boxes—Raffaell-ware—diptychs and chess-men—the latter used by Charles V. and Francis I., on their dining together, tête-a-tête, not long after the battle of Pavia. Korans, Missals, precious Manuscripts, Marc Antonios, Albert Durers, Roman Coins—the very staff with which Regiomontanus used to walk on his housetop by moonlight, after making certain calculations in his calendar!! Magic lore, and choice Madrigals sung by Queen Elizabeth’s private band: brave prick-songs!—and the parchment roll which Handel wielded in beating time on the first representation of his Messiah. But his belles-lettres—facetiae—old poetry—and rare prints, form a combination which hath no compeer!—and, Septuagenarian as he is, I wish him a good score of years yet to shot his guns, and to fire them off with effect.

“PALMERIN, whose hermitage is described in such glowing language in a certain work, is yet enamoured of his *Romaunt Lore*—though he has bade a long adieu to his rural residence at Stanmore. London and Ryde now alternately receive him. His gothic taste yet finds a snug corner to develop itself: his drawings, paintings, old-furniture: cabinets, replete with curiosities—armour—nodding plumes, breastplates, halberts and quarter-staves—two-handed swords—billets and battle-axes! It were idle to attempt a *catalogue raisonné* of such a picturesque mélange—but his BOOKS still preserve their wonted ascendancy:—and long may they continue so to do! MENALCAS must not be forgotten:—though his books cease to maintain their original position. A truer Roxburgher never toasted Christopher Valdarfer. Heavy were the groans that announced the resolution—arising from high and honourable motives—of parting at once, and for ever, with the treasures which were contained within his celebrated parallelogram-shaped library.* Certes there was no fear of Reform or of Cholera operating here. Ah, my friend, manuscripts and

* Over the door, on entering, of this long-cherished book-retreat, was the following inscription—in capital letters.

“Eryta Pontificvm rabsis penetralibvs olim
 Mirère antiqvas vellera passa manvs
 Aetatis decvmae species indvstria qvintae
 Qvam pvlra archetypos instrvat arte dvces
 ALDINAS aedis iniens et limina JVNTAE
 Qvosqve svos STEPHANVS vellet habere Lares.

printed volumes alike put on wings and fly away ! Books as well as sovereigns become *locomotive*. Your decanter, however, is *stationary*.”

This reproof was perhaps merited ; as my attention had been wholly absorbed by my friend’s narrative. Replenishing his glass, I requested him to give me a brief outline of the *status in quo* of the ROXBURGHE CLUB, since the last notice of it in your Decameron. “Willingly ;” replied he. “To begin with the venerable and illustrious President. I rejoice to learn that he presided with his wonted vigour and effect at the last meeting. A few gaps, made by that resistless trespasser, death, have been filled up since the publication just alluded to ;* but the literary labours of the Club proceed languidly. *Havelok* was the last performance of any note ; and I am not singular in the expression of my regret that the *plan* adopted which led to *that* publication† has not been rigidly

* The more recent grafts upon the old stock have been as follows:—The Earl of Cawdor, Viscount Clive, the Hon. and Rev. Neville Grenville, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., John Arthur Lloyd, Esq., Archdeacon Wrangham, and the Rev. Charles Edward Hawtrey—“good men and true”—in ALL their bibliomaniacal bearings !

† That Publication was edited by FREDERICK MADDEN, Esq. of the British Museum—at the united expense of the Club ; which, at the moderate charge of £6. 6s. the copy, obtained possession of probably the most intrinsically curious book it had ever put forth. Nor is *Havelok* of meagre dimensions. His form is portly, and his garb is attractive. The preface and the glossary are equally creditable to the

followed up in subsequent efforts. The BANNATYNE CLUB seem, in this respect, to be very much shooting ahead of the parent-Society.* The

talents of the Editor. Report says, the same able hands are now employed upon a very interesting old English metrical romance, called *The WER WOLF*, written by an Earl of Hereford, from an unique MS. of the fourteenth century, in the library of King's College, Cambridge:—as the first votive offering to the Club from the EARL OF CAWDOR. A fund of entertainment is expected from its perusal. *Havelok* had *one* fate attendant on its publication. It provoked a little etymological controversy between the Librarian of the Royal Institution and its Editor: men, both of too amiable a temper to take delight in literary fisty-cuffs. Mr. Madden stoutly replied to the attacks of his Critic. As stout a rejoinder was threatened—but never appeared. Of late, however, both Assailant and Defender were seen cordially shaking hands across the same MS. in the British Museum. *Si sic omnia!* M. R.

* The publications of the BANNATYNE CLUB, which are more numerous than those of the Roxburghe, confirm an opinion which I have long entertained from earliest manhood—namely, that the narrative of an eye-witness of events is worth all the up and down, and rambling, and frequently contradictory, conclusions of the most ingenious historian upon record. One simple *fact* is worth one hundred *conjectures*; for, in the absence of *fact*, what mad pranks are sometimes committed by the most sober historians! Inventories, also, of goods and chattels—be the same wearing apparel, jewellery, or *books*—are infinitely amusing, and sometimes instructive. But the Bannatyne Library has other pretensions to notice and commendation: essays, disquisitions, reports, records, and other such materials, form a rich store of information deserving alike the attention of the antiquary and historian. CATO PARVUS.

While upon this topic, my friend might have noticed the *Household Books of Expenses* of Henry VIII. and Queen Mary

symposium of the Roxburghers now takes place on the second Thursday in May, owing to the lateness of the season when the anniversary of the first sale of the Boccaccio happened.* At this symposium, there is less protracted revelry than heretofore. The ‘albescens capillus’ has a mighty effect in making men keep orderly hours. No dawn-of-day retirement, as in times past, for ** and *** The toasts are now confined to Christopher Valdarfer and William Caxton: to which add, ‘THE CAUSE OF BIBLIOMANIA ALL OVER THE WORLD.’ When *that* sentiment ceases to be given from the chair, good-bye to the Club! The triumph of BIBLIOPHOBIA will *then* be complete.”

Here my friend raised his voice to an unwonted pitch, and vehemently struck the table as he pronounced the last sentence. It might have been in consequence of the last *replenisher*—but he proceeded, collectedly, to say, “there is yet good hope that the gallant breed of Roxburghers is not likely to be speedily extinct. Vigorous shoots are springing up, and making way, promising to become sturdy branches as the old timber falls to

—as edited by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicholas and Mr. Madden. They are very curious volumes, and based upon that of the famous *Northumberland Household Book*, of which the well-known Bishop of Dromore was the Editor. These latter volumes are also published in singularly good taste, as respects beauty of exterior. M. R.

* On the 17th of June, A.D. 1812.

decay. Why will not ULPIAN hold himself in readiness to start at the first opening? He is eminently entitled to present himself as a candidate. His collection of books is at once choice, costly, and copious; and no man loves to embed himself more thoroughly amongst them . . . His pillow case, *Columbus's Letter* of 1493, stitched to the original *Challenge of Crichton*: his counterpane, all the *large paper Hearnes*, formerly in Dr. Mead's library, still glittering in their primitive morocco attire: his mattress, *large paper Dugdales*: his bed curtains, slips of the original *Bayeux tapestry*! When he takes to *Illustration* of any particular work, he takes to it in right earnest, and with a glorious, yet appropriate, prodigality of embellishment. I conclude that he prefers his *Lettou* and *Machlinia Littleton* to every other book in his library—with the exception of his *Jenson's Bible*. To his credit also be it spoken, he is a great encourager of *booksellers*; and is not emulous of entering the lists of bidders, when he can secure an article at a quiet price in Chancery Lane, or in the vicinity of Covent Garden. No fear of Reform or of Cholera ever depresses his hopes, or slackens his progress in the genuine straight-onward course of the BIBLIOMANIA. Russia leather is, with him, the charm and protection against epidemic miasmata of every description; and give him but the treble-rowed entrenchment of his library, he snaps his fingers

alike “at the arrow of fate and the canker of care.” Moons wane or enlarge without his notice, so long as a *Piranesi* is to be perfected, or a *De Bry** to be rendered complete.

* Report has pronounced the copy of DE BRY, in possession of the above gentleman, to be the fruit of incessant toil, for a series of years—at an expense, little short of hundreds upon hundreds. It is said to contain the first editions of the Grands et Petits Voyages, as well in Latin as in German, throughout—also, the second editions in Latin, and the Merian edition—with the *original* and *reprinted* Elenchus—the English edition of the Virginia (the first part of the Grands Voyages)—the Abridgments of the Grands Voyages, three editions, 1617, 1631, 1655—and three volumes in quarto, in German, published by the family of De Bry, and the work of Las Casas, edition 1598 :—also, nearly a complete set of all the first and original editions of the voyages from which the De Bry formed their collection. To these are added a complete set of the Collection published by Hulsius in Germany, twenty-six parts, second editions—and a fine set of the *first* edition of that Collection, except parts 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 24, 25, and 26. The third edition of the Abridgment of the Grands Voyages, 1655, contains, besides the fourteen parts, two additional voyages, which are not in De Bry, but are included in the Hulsian Collection. It also contains every variation and peculiarity mentioned by De Bure, Camus, or De La Serna, except in the Grands Voyages, Latin—part 2, one leaf, containing on it, Frankfort, 1591—part 4, the twenty-four plates, *without* the numbers engraved on them—part 5, the frontispieces to the Text and Plates, *without* the word “Hiã” interlined—part 6, frontispiece to plates, with pasted table; in the centre, “Sequuntur Icones,” &c.—part 10, frontispiece, Vessels Sinking, not a Naval Combat. M. R.

I will not presume to undervalue the copy of De Bry thus summarily described; as, living remote from the Metropolis,

“And why may not Decius aspire, in due time, to a similar honour of becoming candidate on a vacancy among the Roxburghers? Far off be the day which may occasion that vacancy—but, as come it *will*, let Decius then mount his courser, all covered with membranaceous housings, and spring into the arena—a champion to win the fight! He hath pretensions of no common kind. He loves books, and he knows all their bearings, within and without. The dappled calf, and the red sprinkled edges of one compartment of his library, are duly relieved by the morocco tint and diamond gilt tooling of the other. He revels in bindings of Padaloup, De Rome, Roger Payne, Montagu, and Baumgarten. His French folios of archæological lore and graphic embellishment, stand proudly pre-eminent;—and for Greek and Latin Classics, who, for an unbeneficed Divine, shall step in before Decius? To my fancy and peculiar taste, how-

I stand no chance of ever seeing or handling it. But the pages of the *Library Companion*, (pp. 372-6, *Breeches Edit.* see p. 8, note, ante) furnish me with such a description of a copy of the same work, in the possession of the Rt. Hon. Thos. Grenville, as seems to set all competition (and peradventure none may be intended) at defiance. If I were inclined to *break in* a young book-collector, by giving him rough and hard exercise to perform, I would set him upon the completion of what may be called the *ordinarily perfect* copy of the Peregrinations of Messrs. De Bry:—but, even here, I must bargain for the *true Elenchus*. CATO PARVUS.

ever, his *Manuals of Ethics and of Divinity*, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, exhibit specimens of a rare and happy coincidence in the pursuit of the Bibliomania. Let Decius, I say, be ready to start at the first sound of the trumpet which gives notice of a vacancy to be filled in the Roxburghe Camp."

Here, my friend ceased from his narrative; which, as it had occupied a considerable time, and had embraced a variety of topics extremely gratifying to my feelings, called forth my heartiest commendations. "One glass more,"—quoth he—"and we part. I drink to the health, happiness, and longevity of the ILLUSTRIOUS PRESIDENT of the Club of which I have been discoursing:—the founder, as well as the possessor, of the finest private library in Europe. God bless him!" So saying, he dispatched a copious libation of sparkling sherry, and sprang forward to seize his walking staff—to make good his retreat homewards—but, as if something of importance had suddenly come across his recollection, he turned round upon me, and enquired, "whether I purposed quitting London on the following day." "Assuredly so"—replied I. "Be it so then"—resumed he—"but promise me faithfully, ere you start, that you will step across the water and take a peep at the new *Library of Lambeth Palace*." I pledged myself faithfully so to do—when my friend hurried

away, under the impression of being too late to attend a vestry meeting, which had been especially summoned for that evening. On the following morning—which happened to present itself with the least possible portion of a London fog, or mist—I made haste to carry my friend’s parting request into execution; and taking boat at the Temple Stairs—the tide serving—I glided quickly under the two bridges of Waterloo and Westminster, (of which the first will long continue to be the world’s wonder!) and was duly put on shore opposite Lambeth Palace.

As, however, I had never seen it under its new aspect, I was for a little time lost in reverie on its approach: so much so, that the boatman asked, “whether I wished to go on to Vauxhall Stairs?” There was indeed good cause for such abstraction or reverie. I could scarcely credit the evidence of my own eyes....

Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma!

exclaimed I, as I caught the first full glance of the entire range of the building. But the LIBRARY—is alone our business now. You, Sir, may have probably seen it again and again—and I think I may challenge at once your admiration and thorough approval of its plan. What a goodly garniture of antiquated tomes! How harmoniously all the architectural accessories

blend with the precious treasures which they enclose! We have all the characteristics of a genuine University library—transplanted on the banks of the Thames! “And can this be (said I to myself) the old *Juxonian* hall,* through which the winds used but lately to whistle, and of which the pavement was dank, and the light doubtfully transmitted? It is even so.” My guide seemed to enjoy my moody raptures exceedingly; adding—(probably on the supposition, from the trim of my dress, and fashion of my hat, that I was a thorough rustic gentleman) that “my admiration might perhaps be easily accounted for, when I was informed that Mr. BLORE was the architect of the whole concern.” “I heartily wish”—rejoined I—“that all concerns of this kind were managed in the same sensible and satisfactory manner. I am delighted—yea, more than ordinarily delighted—at the happy transformation before me. I could gladly linger in such a book-domain through the four successive seasons of the year, and gather fruit

* This Hall was built by BISHOP JUXON. Its principal exterior beauty is, the boldness of the buttresses; but there appears to be, near it, a beauty of no ordinary loveliness in my antiquarian eyes. I mean, a vane or weathercock—broad, bold, with elaborate, open work, yet light and picturesque. I long to see it regilded—and the whole surface of the Lollard towers, and of the side facing the Thames, restored—as I know *how* it is capable of being restored—by the correct master-hand of the architect above mentioned.

at every quarter." Here, I thought my guide seemed to eye me as if I were a gentleman subject to occasional aberrations of reason, and pressing me towards the door, seemed to desire my egress. I thanked him very heartily for his civility, and, much as I wished to become acquainted with other portions of the building, was obliged, from the pressure of time, to make towards the water's edge, and to seek my boatman—who was in attendance, expecting my return. As I resumed my seat, I could not help casting frequent glances upon the glorious pile I had just left behind—and which confirmed me in the truth of what I had often heard of its present Most Reverend Occupier; namely, that he had exhibited the talismanic art of a certain Roman Emperor, in leaving behind him "*marble*," that, which, on his first possession of it, he found to be only "*brick*."

Urging my boatman to make his best exertions, I returned in time to my hotel—to prepare for a mid-day departure from London: not however without a previous call upon my opposite neighbour, Mr. Abraham John Valpy;—before I got into the Windsor Coach to make a little *détour* through that place, Reading, and Oxford, in my return to Laurel Lodge: resolving to see, in those several towns, whether the *Bibliomania* or the *Bibliophobia* prevailed. Mr. Valpy was in any mood but that of *in alt*. His *Thesaurus* had run

its course—nobly, but not productively. The scoffs, gibes, and jeers which it had endured in its progress, were now forgotten: the rubbish was swept away—the scaffolding removed—and the building, a PYRAMID in size and durability, stood out complete. As the work of one editor, and as the labour of one Printing Office, it might challenge, as it would be sure to receive, the applause of posterity. “But the *Delphins*—tell me truly—how do *they* go on?” Mr. Valpy was silent. He need not have been so. If the work had expanded immensely, it was not from an exclusive wish to enrich himself, but to render it the more serviceable to students in classical lore. There was an elaborate collation of the earlier editions—an “ordo”—notes, grammatical and illustrative—a critical commentary—copious indexes, together with a carefully corrected text—all deserving of the most decided commendation. But fashion had had its sway here as in other matters. At starting, it was the fashion to subscribe—at the present day, it was the fashion to strive to throw up the subscription; yet the work had gone on as zealously and honestly as ever. After all, it was the best *octavo set* of LATIN CLASSICS extant; and a day would come—not improbably in that of its publisher—when its general merits would be acknowledged by an increased price, as well as by the warm eulogies of the learned. To have planned such a work,

and to have carried that plan into such extensive effect, placed the Publisher in the very foremost rank of his class.

With observations like these I strove to cheer my old acquaintance; advising him to take courage to his heart, on the completion of the Herculean task which he had undertaken. His elementary publications were “going on swimmingly;” and many other works, on hand and in prospect, seemed to augur well. “He had braved the tempests of the years 1825-6, when his Brethren were wrecked by dozens; but such a DEAD PALSY in the bookselling line, as that in the *present* year, he never could have brought himself to believe. The very *sight* of a book—especially of a *subscribed* book—threw some men into a delirium of horror. It was “Φέργε μάλ,”* with Homer—or “avaunt, quit my sight!” with Shakspeare.† Oh, Sir! (added he, in a tone of no ordinary feeling) let the Reform Bill only pass—let the vessel of state only once get well trimmed, and it will go gallantly over the waves! Men will return to their *lares*, and to their ordinary pursuits—speculative or active. There will be chasms to fill with books, which had never been before discerned: walls to cover with pictures, which had never before come under contemplation. Commerce will then put on her

* *Iliad*, lib. i, 173.

† *Macbeth*.

hundred wings, and fly to every quarter of the globe.”

Being unwilling to damp the ardour of my friend’s imagination, and by no means disposed to dispute the premises upon which his conclusions were drawn, I wished him a good day—observing, as the deliberate conviction of my understanding, in accordance with the best wishes of my heart, that “I felt persuaded a very palpable RE-ACTION would take place in the course of the year 1832.” Within the four ensuing hours, I found myself walking upon Windsor Terrace. The day was fine. The breeze was soft. The landscape, as all the world knows, luxuriantly picturesque. My object, however, was BOOKS—or rather *Literature* and *the Book-Trade*. After a turn or two in that fairy land of a sunk garden, at the eastern extremity of the Castle, I retraced my steps, and, catching a peep of the “antique spires,” (so sweetly celebrated by Gray) pushed on towards Eton College. There, was the *Storer Collection*—and there PRISCIAN was domiciled: Priscian, the classical and the accomplished. Books are his “dear delight”—and Bibles, among those books, the primary objects of attraction. He shewed me a rare set of them—such as, in a private collection, are eclipsed only by those at Kensington and Althorp. There were also belles-lettres—in abundance—in the German, Spanish, and

Italian, as well as in the French and English, languages. But oh, that splendid *MS. of Ovid!*—approached with delicacy, unlocked with care, and surveyed with extasy!—“*Δὸς δ’ ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι*”^{*}—exclaimed I, as, on turning my eyes in an opposite direction, I essayed to see the numerous folios and quartos—some of which were impervious to the glorious sun-beam.

Having lost my list of memoranda, taken on the spot, I grieve to say that my account of this classical retreat must be thus superficial. But it is only the performance of an act of common justice to add, that the Falernian and Mark Brenner of Priscian crowned the evening’s hospitality of his abode. I quitted such a residence with reluctance; especially as I had so many inducements, unconnected with my passion for books, to make a longer stay. But my time was limited. To say nothing about the laurels, growing wild and unseemly about the “Lodge”—and standing in daily need of their master’s pruning-hook—(for I allow no one to trim them but myself) I had, in fact, undertaken the execution of a somewhat arduous task in accomplishing the journey in contemplation.

By eight in the morning I was stirring—visiting, before my final departure, the book-shop, which, under the mastership of *Pote*, once boasted

^{*} Homer’s *Iliad*, *lib.*xvii. 616.

of no contemptible reputation. Here, in the heart of the town—and at mere arm's-length, as it were, from the college—I expected to have found an early *Lilly, Holt, Stanbridge, or Whittinton*.^{*} But no such good fortune attended me. Even the editio princeps of the Eton Grammar, as now in general use, was not to be laid hold of. Abruptly retreating, I made towards the high road, and found myself in due course upon the top of a Reading stage. On reaching that town—the abode of my earliest boyhood—I hurried down London Street, into the Market Place, and Minster Street, to pay an immediate visit to Messrs. Rusher & Son, and Mr. Smart—the renowned booksellers of the place. The latter I had known from my twelfth year: and twenty years ago we had done a stroke of business together—when books were *run after*, and a brisk and liberal circulation of cash afforded the means of *catching* them. Mr. Smart sighed heavily as our hands were conjoined. “You come, Sir, (said he) at a sad, sad time—when my books are hanging down their heads, and there is nobody to pat and to cheer them. Mount my great Repository, backward. What will, or can, you see

^{*} An account of the works of these illustrious men—the great LUMINARIES OF GRAMMAR in the earlier half of the sixteenth century—will be found in the second and third volumes of the *Typographical Antiquities of Great Britain*: Edit. 1810, &c.

worthy of a moment's notice—much less of carrying away as a trophy? Customers are alive only to Reform-discussions. There is a knot of them, assembled here of a market day, which does not disperse till nearly dark. They turn their backs upon my books: and my *History of Reading*, of which your old friend and first school-master, John Man, was the author, is allowed to remain *in statu quo* upon my choicest library shelf." I expressed great sorrow at this intelligence, but the only comfort I could impart, was, that he partook of "neighbours' fare."

Mr. Rusher and his Son received me right cordially: but here, again, all was dark and disheartening. Their love of books was as great as ever: their enthusiasm, unabated: but their customers—those best feeders and supporters of "love" and "enthusiasm"—were gradually falling off:—and as for *Bibliography* (with the exception of the staunch Collector on Forbury Hill), there was not a creature that cared a pin's point for Dr. D.'s multifarious labours in that department. "Look you, Sir"—added Mr. Rusher, jun.—"we have tracts out of number, appertaining to the period of the two Charles'—but who vouchsafes to open them? Who reads them? Who regards them? Who bears them away? And then for *Topography*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*--you may as well ex-

pect to catch a sturgeon in the Kennett,* as to secure a customer in these formerly highly favoured departments of book-collecting....

“ I sigh and lament me in vain ;

These walls do but echo my moan :

Alas, it increases my pain

When I think of THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE !”

At this instant—and producing a sort of magical effect—in walked the “staunch Collector” just alluded to—the classical and bibliographical NESTOR of the borough town of Reading. A cordial salutation followed the first expression of surprise ; and we had almost entered upon a discussion of the relative merits and demerits of Schedules A and B, when young Mr. Rusher observed, that, “as the day was getting on fast, we might possibly like to take a little refreshment in his father’s back parlour ?” This, however, was courteously, but firmly objected to by Nestor ; who insisted upon my accom-

* Pope, in his Windsor Forest, has recorded the renown of this river for its “silver eels.” It runs, in a bright and rapid course, nearly through the centre of the Town—and receives, I believe, several tributary streamlets in its way. In early youth—when summer suns were warm, and summer skies were clear—I have often doffed my garments with my school companions, to plunge into its “translucent wave.” Of these companions, two only survive, to my knowledge! M. R.

panying him home, to his boudoir of belles lettres—whence the Thames was seen, winding its beauteously picturesque course—margined by meadows, upon which hundreds of cattle were grazing—the lordly domain of Marsack (once that of Cadogan,) crowning the neighbouring mountain-height . . .

A happy rural seat, of various view !

I instantly obeyed the Octogenarian's summons; and a few hundred yards brought me within *that* library, which, in the happy days of Bibliomania—some fifteen years ago—I had entered with greater glee of heart than at present. Wherefore was it so ? The books were the same. The bindings were the same. The former had not grown either taller or shorter : the latter had obtained still greater beauty of tone, by the course of time—in an atmosphere, not reachable by a London fog. But my dejection continued—in spite of the urbane upbraidings of “ mine host.” “ What care I ”—quoth he—“ for the capriciousness of public taste ? Shall my first folio Aldine Demosthenes and Rhetores be less coveted—less embraced—than heretofore ?

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,

shall be, to me, my Elzevir and Olivet Ciceros !
Nor let old Scapula and Facciolati droop their

towering heads—and, shew me the man, who shall dare to undervalue my large paper Barnes' Euripides, West's Pindar, and Potter's Lycophron? Will any creature, short of a confirmed idiot, presume to "write me down an ass," because I have over and over again tossed up my head at the pitiful offer of three-score and ten sovereigns for my large paper *Grenville Homer*? Perish all these dear delights!—perish their owner with them!—sooner than he shall lend a helping hand to the dissemination of that hydra-disease—BIBLIOPHOBIA! Welcome typhus—welcome scarletina—welcome even CHOLERA! Pitch your tents, and mark out your victims as ye please. Number ME among them, if it be your good pleasure—but let me die . . . hugging my HOMER!

My friend here became momentarily breathless. His action had been "suited to the word:"—and he sunk exhausted upon the soft wadding of a chintz arm-chair. I hurra'd him as he fell! On recovering, he smiled placidly, asking me if "I thought he had been *wandering*?" "Wandering!"—replied I, quickly—"quite the reverse; you never spake more to the purpose: never more directly to the point. All your remarks went strong and straight forward . . . like the arrow to the bull's eye of the target. Give me your hand—and with it possess my heart! While such sentiments as these possess an *Octogenarian*,

shall I listen to the puling complaints of a cow-hearted dabbler in book-purchases? Shall I endure a lengthened, and perhaps torturing, negotiation about beating down the prices of Vellum Spiras and closely cropt Caxtons? Can I suffer the Alduses, the Giuntas, and the Frobens, with our dearly beloved Wynkyn De Worde, Pynson, and Julian Notary, to be shoved quietly 'to the wall,' and make no effort to rescue them from such ignominy of treatment? Never: while I have the power to wield an arm or plant a foot. I take a lesson from your gallantry of spirit—and am well-nigh ashamed at my querulous sympathy among the Metropolitan bibliopoles. Your sweet air and bright skies make me feel and see as I ought to feel and see—'I am a man again!'"

Forgive, Reverend Sir, the dramatic air of this part of my narrative; but the whole incident has been so vividly impressed upon my recollection, that I know not how to dispossess myself of it—and I give it you with a most literal veracity. In essaying to take leave, I found there was no escaping a Nestorian *Symposium*. My friend having scribbled hasty notes of invitation to the Rectors of the three parish churches, to partake of this symposium, we then strolled abroad—and were drawn insensibly towards the ruins of the ABBEY. Just at that time, there was a great ferment in the town—whether these ruins should be preserved, or not, by subscription, from

their meditated destruction by the owner of the property on which they stood:—and this subject formed one of pretty brisk and incessant discussion during our dinner. The Vicar of St. Mary became frequently *poetical* (no very unusual thing with *him*) in his deprecation of such a meditated act of vandalism. “Certes,” said I, “it is the principal and proud feature of your town; and it is moreover the palpable link which connects you with the twelfth century. Give me the russet tint of the flint stones of which these ruins are composed—the ragged and picturesque forms into which time and accident have now cast them—and I care not a rush for all the flaunting brick and bath-stone structures of which the town and its neighbourhood may boast.” There was, in fact, not one dissentient voice among the guests. Even books were forgotten—while we dwelt, in imagination, or in discourse, upon the “by gone days,” when this magnificent structure was reared.* Now, its

* This abbey was “reared” in the time of Henry I; and is perhaps more than eight centuries standing. Like many of the edifices of those days, the walls of this Abbey seem to have been built for eternity. There are views, out of number, of their picturesque character and position; but those which represent them before the building of the present gaol upon their site—about forty-five years ago—exhibit them in larger masses; as a great portion was compelled to be destroyed for the building in question. In digging the foundations of this gaol, human skeletons out of number were found—said to have

ruins seem, comparatively, but “the shadow of a shade!” “*Tempus edax rerum*”—observed our host, in a sort of “*sotto voce*”—bidding us not spare his port of 1811 (“*Vin de Comet*”) as an antidote to the melancholy which such a subject was likely to engender.

We broke up at ten. The moon was at full: unobscured by vapour, mist, or cloud. The meadows seemed to be sleeping beneath her soft lustre....

And drowsy tinklings lulled the distant folds!

We made a little circuit, or *détour*, by the side of those ruins which had elicited such ardour of discussion. We paused before their “grey and battered sides”—now softened by the pale tint of the moon-beam. We became instinctively mute listening to the “stilly sound ” of every thing above and below! Not even the note of

been buried there in the time of Cromwell, from a battle which took place in the neighbouring meadows. Some of the *existing* fragments are from six to nine feet in width—and defy destruction, except from the force of gunpowder. If the town and corporation of Reading suffer these fragments to be destroyed, from the lack of public spirit, they affix the seal of indelible disgrace upon their corporate character. There is certainly no saying to what extent *individual cupidity* may go— but for the sake of all their past glories, I hope the Inhabitants will make a NOBLE FIGHT for the preservation of these adamauntine relics! I feel well persuaded that Mr. H., the senior Alderman, will be “fetlock’d in blood ” ere he relinquish the contest!

the inhabitant of the “ivy-mantled tower” was heard. Every-thing seemed . . .

Insensible . . . as those that slept beneath!

“What a night!—What a spectacle!” Not another word was spoken:—such *Tacitus*-like brevity being infinitely more natural and impressive than the circumlocutory periods or speeches of *Livy*. We parted, therefore, convinced that our eloquence had suffered no diminution by the use of the interjections only just uttered. The next morning, I had some thoughts of taking a run down to Bath and Bristol—to see how Mr. Upham at the former place, and how Mr. Strong at the latter, were carrying on their bibliopolistic speculations. But I wanted courage. In spite of the effort made in my reply to the book-veteran, Nestor, I found that the wailings of Messrs. Snare and Rusher were yet tingling in my ears, and depressing the barometer of my spirits. It is towards OXFORD, therefore (said I to myself) that I will set my face, and direct my instant course—and for that venerable City I secured a place on the roof of an Abingdon and Oxford Coach, which was to depart about three in the afternoon. Purley, Pangbourn, Stratley, and Abingdon, are the villages and towns in the route thither.

Doubtless, Sir, you have, in your Oxford days,

made a similar trip—or at any rate have bowled down the hill, which, 'twixt Abingdon and Oxford, gives you the first full view of the towers and turrets of the venerable ALMA MATER. Thirty-eight years have passed away since I first made this descent—but never, even in the warm glow of youth, did the objects before me appear more splendidly striking. The sun was sinking rapidly—upon what seemed a pillow of molten ruby and amethyst, fringed with burnished gold. Light streaky clouds of alternate pink and opal, canopied his couch. The high arch of heaven “was in a blaze with his descending glory.”* The towers of Christ Church, All Saints, St. Mary, All Souls, and the Schools—with the dome of Ratchliffe—were vividly spangled with the general radiance; while portions of the several buildings, below, were embrowned in a dark, soft, warm shade. Towards the extremity, Queen’s, and the tower of Magdalen, carried on the line of picturesque beauty and grandeur; and the hill of Shotover, in the distance, was enveloped in a magical hue of purple. The meadows and the elm-roofed walks of Christ Church—the Charwell and Isis commingling into one bright, broad, and gently gliding stream—upon the surface of which, boats and sailing vessels were swiftly darting along, and interchanging positions—

* Burke.

catching the departing sun-beam upon their sides—ALL THIS, and much more which escapes minuteness of description—presented itself to my view as I descended the hill in question. Oxford is perhaps no where seen to greater advantage.* But, I was not so light of heart—so buoyant in spirit—as at the period before alluded to. Life had had its REALITIES. The mind had had its SHADOWS. There had been sorrow and grief and disappointment, and ... DEATH! As I reached the bottom of the hill, and neared the City, methought I heard the *chimes* of the several Colleges and Churches—when the beautiful lines of Mr. Bowles's Sonnet "*On Revisiting Oxford*" came immediately to my recollection.

I never hear the sound of thy glad bells
 OXFORD! and chime harmonious, but I say,
 (Sighing to think how time has worn away)
 Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
 Heard, after years of absence, from the Vale
 Where *Charwell* winds!"†

But I hasten to more matter-of-fact detail.

* The present venerable Dr. Huntingford, Bishop of Hereford, used to say, that "he never came down this hill without taking off his hat—as a respectful salutation to ALMA MATER." I believe one of the very best views of the University, by the magical pencil of Turner, is from this spot.

† The remainder may as well be here subjoined: for the whole is eminently sweet and touching. Indeed, after all, it

Within an hour, I was in Broad Street with Mr. Parker—the Corinthian pillar of Bibliopolism at Oxford. But our meeting was not as of old. The notes of wailing soon got the better of those of congratulation. There stood *Reimar's Dion Cassius*, *Duker's Thucydides*, *Hudson's Josephus*—all in the portly forms of large paper, and in the princely garb of red morocco but who were likely to be the purchasers? The *Ciceros*, from Leyden, Paris, Geneva, and his own Oxford,* all long standing dishes getting cold to be looked at, and not tasted! Even the *Clarendon Press* productions, in their peculiarly attractive octavo forms all

Fallen from their high estate—

as if paralised by Cholera or the Reform Bill!

may be questioned whether the Rev. W. L. Bowles be not the *facile princeps* of living Writers of Sonnets? The remainder is as follows:—

“ Most true it speaks the tale
Of days departed, and its voice recalls
Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
Of life, and MANY FRIENDS now scattered wide
By MANY FATES! Peace be within thy walls!
I have scarce heart to visit thee; but yet,
Denied the joys sought in thy shades—denied
Each better hope, since my poor * * * * * died,
What I have owed to THEE, my heart can ne’er forget.”

C. P.

* That of 1783, 4to, 10 vols. See a tale, connected with this edition, in the *Library Companion*, p. 579, Original Edition; and p. 586, Second Edition.

Advancing towards a comparatively obscure corner—in which, in former days, I used frequently to stumble upon a crackling Elzevir or an uncut Aldus—I took up a very handsomely printed *Prospectus* of a work of which I had never before received the slightest intimation. Judge, Sir, of my surprise when I found that you were once meditating a *Literary and Local History of the University of Oxford*.* Mr. Parker begged

* As, in after times,—when the Reform Bill and the Cholera shall have worked their good or evil—and men's passions shall have pretty generally subsided, by giving way to their reason,—if such an “after time,” in this ever-agitated country, (“cet isle, plus enragé que les mers qui l'environnent,” observes Montesquieu) shall arrive—a brief mention of this *Secret History in Literature*, may be as pleasing to a few others as to my friend Mr. D'Israeli, in particular. Happening to possess a copy of the *Prospectus* in question, I think the reader may not be disinclined to be put into possession of a portion of it.

“ALMA MATER OXONIENSIS. A HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

“ADDRESS.—It cannot have failed to strike every lover of his Country's Antiquities, and every admirer of its Graphic Art, that there exists NO Publication which can be deemed worthy, in all respects, of transmitting to posterity, a correct, as well as an enlarged, account of the Antiquities, architectural and literary, of the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. The “secret indignation” felt by Loggan, nearly a century and a half ago, may be yet felt, with some slight modification, at the present day: namely, that, “while rural mansions and obscure villages have found Chroniclers and Artists, the University of Oxford remains without any adequate represen-

that I would carry it home with me. "It will at any rate amuse, if not instruct, you"—said

tation of its numerous architectural attractions." This is the spirit, if it be not the literal version, of Loggan's observations.* &c. &c.

"To the lover of Picturesque beauty, it is impossible to behold the many-turretted buildings of the University—the solemnity of its retired cloisters, and the grandeur of its "Academie Groves,"—without a wish that such interesting objects might find an adequate record by the hand of Art:—while, to the meditative understanding, such objects are clothed with additional splendour from the recollection that Oxford has been the "NURSING MOTHER" of Statesmen, of Legislators, of Divines, Philosophers, Poets, Historians, Scholars, and Philologists: of illustrious characters

" Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow!"

POPE.

"Nor is the interest attached to such a publication likely to be purely local or even national:—for where is the civilised quarter of the GLOBE in which the fame of this distinguished University is not established? To give therefore to posterity, and to the learned of all Countries, AN ADEQUATE IDEA of the variety of interesting objects to be combined in a well executed HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,—as well as to afford delightful reminiscences to the former Innates

* Loggan's remark is as follows: "*Occasionem huic Instituto præbuit tacita quædam indignatio, cum viderem rustica passim tuguriola, et ignobiles pagos, summorum Artificum cælo et penicillis inclarescere, OXONIUM interim, celiberrimum Musarum domicilium, quo pulchrius aut beatius quidpiam Sol non cuspicit, intactum præteriri,*" &c. OXONIA ILLUSTRATA. 1695, Folio ("Speculatori Ingenuo").)

he. "What encouragement (replied I) did the planner of the work receive?" "None (re-

of her classic Walls—it is proposed to publish *Three Folio Volumes*, which shall embrace the following departments of art. 1. Picturesque Views of the University, under different aspects. 2. Views of the several Colleges, Halls, and Public Buildings—in whole, or in part—as the subject may require. 3. Interiors of Chapels, Halls, Libraries, &c. 4. Gothic Architecture: Figures: Niches: Screens: Entrances, &c. 5. Modern Sculpture: Figures and Busts of Eminent Men. 6. Portraits of Distinguished Characters, ancient and modern; including several which have never been before engraved. 7. Curiosities, Relics, &c. 8. Book-Illuminations.

"Engravings of these, and of similar subjects,*—executed from Original Drawings—by Artists of the first celebrity in their respective departments—will, it is presumed, give a distinctive character of excellence to *this Publication* which will be in vain sought for in its precursors. It is intended that each Volume shall contain at least *six* large and elaborate Plates of *Landscape* or *Architecture*, or of a union of both; six *Portraits*, engraved in the first style of excellence: eight Copperplate Vignettes, of a large and finished description—and numerous Wood-cuts. But, in proportion to the desire which every affectionate son of ALMA MATER will feel for the existence of such a splendid memorial as is here submitted to his consideration, must be the anxiety that its execution be *certain* when once it be *determined upon*; that every requisite measure be adopted to protect it from casualties, as well as to distinguish it from the characteristics, of an ordinary undertaking. The plan will be so matured, and the number of *Literary Coadjutors*, engaged in its execution, will be so well

* The fronts of such Colleges, Halls, &c. as have been *rebuilt*, or have undergone material alterations, will be engraved as they appear in their *original* forms, from the views of Loggan, or from those prefixed to the earlier *Oxford Almanacs*.

joined he) but what appears on the face of the Prospectus; and of the names there recorded,

acquainted with that plan, that, if set on foot according to the anticipations of its Author, scarcely any supposable contingency can frustrate its completion. In accordance with a just anxiety on this important point, each volume, as delivered, will be considered as complete within itself—in regard both to the text, and the decorations by which it will be accompanied.

“The name of ANTHONY A-WOOD has been long and justly popular among the lovers of Oxford Antiquities. The labours of that Antiquary were doubtless both arduous and meritorious; and the Public have been recently put into possession of the most valuable portion of them, as connected with the *Lives** of the more eminent characters of the University. Wood’s Collections, or Annals, relating to the different Colleges and Halls, have also their peculiar advantages; but, under both points of view, as a Biographer and Topographer, that author’s researches were too miscellaneous; and, at times, too trifling and unimportant. He chronicled the minute and the marvellous, with the same assiduity and degree of good faith as he did the important and the veracious; and a result has followed which might have been naturally expected:—his works are a Repository for occasional consultation, in which however the reader cannot obtain the more valuable matter of which he is in search, without wading through toilsome pages, encumbered by puerilities, and defaced by unconquerable prejudices. Yet, as a *Substratum* whereon to build firmly, let no Oxford Antiquary disdain to avail himself of many of those materials, which, but for Wood’s unremitting perseverance, would have irretrievably perished. Nor must the name of HEARNE, a zealous disciple, as well as enthusiastic admirer, of Anthony à-Wood, be forgotten among those

* “The *ATHENÆ OXONIENSES*: edited by the Rev. Dr. Bliss, Public Registrar.”

not THREE were obtained at Oxford. I believe, Sir, the affair never proceeded beyond this announce. The author, with his usual characteristic zeal, was sanguine to excess. He counted upon a large muster-roll of subscribers—but the day was GONE BY! An angel from heaven could scarcely effect such a work *now*.”

I slowly folded up the Prospectus, casting a sorrowful glance at its contents—of which I resolved leisurely to make myself master at my Inn—the *King's Arms*. I will fairly own to you that I was, at first, alarmed at the magnitude of the design; but what will not a union of *hearts* and *hands*—consolidated by a liberal remuneration—effect? The next morning I visited Mr. Talboy's; and we had a good long gossip together. On groping 'midst the volumes in the rear of his

Writers who have treated of the Antiquities of Oxford. The incidental notices of the University, scattered throughout the multifarious publications of Hearne, will be carefully investigated, and duly appreciated: and where the information appears to be authentic, it will not fail to be recorded. To say that the notices of Hearne are free from the imputation of credulity, would be to assert what is foreign to the truth.”

The price of the work was to have been £7, 17s. 6d. the volume, small paper; the large paper, £12. 12s. the volume. Only thirty-two names were received; of which six were put down for large paper. May more fortunate hands accomplish the execution of such a splendid—and, in more than one sense, NATIONAL—undertaking! To have failed, in such times of literary torpor and fatuity, can be no disgrace to its Author. CATO PARVUS.

shop, I stumbled upon a dingy little tome, entitled “*Elogia Sepulchralia*,” &c., of which one P. F.* was the author—and was mightily pleased with the motto in the title-page, which runs thus:

“Miramur periisse Homines? Monumenta fatiseunt.”

AUSON.

“Nescia MUSARUM sed MONUMENTA mori.”

OVID.

“Englished by a Wit of the Age:

“Men timely die, and Princes day by day
Moulder to dust: but BOOKS WILL LIVE FOR AYE,
And re-embalm us in the coldest day!”

On reading it, I could not but be struck with its application to your projected *History of the University of Oxford*:—and was almost horrified to find a copy of the Prospectus on Mr. Talboy’s counter, defaced and rendered scarcely legible by dust and ashes. That energetic Bibliopole sympathised sincerely on its failure: adding, that, although the said Prospectus had been deposited at every common Room, and with every Head of a House—many of them also with the leading Tutors of the University—yet, the impression of his mind was, that only ONE assenting

* “Typis impressit Author P. F. [Payne Fisher] Ex Equestri Familiâ Generosus: necnon tam Collegii, quam Campi, Graduat. Lond. 1675. 8vo. Impensis Authoris, et in Authoris usum solum Typis exarata.” By no means an every-day book. M. R.

voice, in the way of subscription, had been transmitted to its Author." "*Whose* might that be?"—observed I. "Dr. ROUTH's"—replied my Informant.

At the mention of *that* name, a thousand agreeable flutterings took possession of my breast. I learnt, as I am sure *you* will too, with no common satisfaction, that the intellectual buoyancy of that eminent scholar was unabated; that years had not enfeebled the powers of his mind, nor dimmed the lustre of his eye: and that he was yet as awakened as ever to all that was precious and instructive in the lore of the primitive Fathers. A visit, paid to him—shortly after leaving Mr. Talboy's—confirmed this good account. I found him as courteous and as communicative as ever: correcting, if I may so speak, a proof sheet of his beloved *Lactantius* with one hand, and the pages of a new edition of his favourite *Burnet* with the other. His hall, staircase, corridors, dining room and drawing room, contained the same goodly book-furniture as of old—outvying, in intrinsic worth, all the velvet and silk and chintz hangings of the proudest palace in Christendom. Mr. Chantrey was, at the moment, on a visit in the University; and a whisper was current that he was not to leave it without carrying the head of the President of Magdalen College in his travelling carriage with him to London. As this could easily be accomplished without *decapitation* of the Original,

I expressed the heartiest wishes that it might take place. Still I had doubts and fears.

My next personal object of visitation, was my old friend the Public Registrar: whom I rejoiced to find hale, hearty, active—and as obliging as ever. I had known him in the times of the BOOK-FEVER—symptoms of which I *rejoiced* to observe yet hanging about him! His area is small, but it is well filled:—and no man is so little disposed to let apprehension of Cholera or the Reform Bill upset his bibliomaniacal felicity. “But when, my friend, (remarked I) do your *Hearniana* appear? Horace’s precept has been doubly observed—for more than *twice nine years* have stolen away since you announced the publication of that interesting work.” He replied, that “he could not help himself—his business, as public Registrar, was so unintermitting, and of such essential importance, that he feared he must bid it an eternal adieu.” The latter words fell tremulously from his lips—and it was clear to me that, at heart, he was as “sound as a roach” in the *legitimate cause*.

On quitting, I made instinctively for the BODLEIAN LIBRARY: for that dear, old, favourite abode, yet haunted by the spirit of all those great *Book Collectors* who have figured away in the pages of your Bibliomania. The *master-living* Spirit of the Library was, as usual, prompt to receive me, and to receive me cordially. We

walked, and sat, and stood, and walked again—in that interminable forest of printed books and MSS. of every description. Dr. Bandinel gave me a sketch—necessarily a rapid one—of the acquisitions which had been more recently made; and, among them, placed before me the stupendously splendid monument of the spirit and liberality of one individual—in the *Mexican Antiquities*—of which Lord Kingsborough was the Patron. The copy before me was UPON VELLUM—a present from that Nobleman. It was justly arranged among the Lions, yea of the roaring lions, of old Bodley: and for my part, I wish the noise of such roaring may extend to the uttermost parts of the empire. A similar copy (as I learnt) had been deposited in the British Museum, also a present from the same munificent quarter. I confess that I was transported at this intelligence; and while such liberal and noble blood was glowing in British veins, I would not despair of the revivification and ultimate triumph of the BIBLIOMANIA.

Dr. Bandinel then shewed me a variety of book-curiosities, of which I could not help wishing that *you* had been also a spectator. At five, in company with the Public Registrar, I found myself at his table—well garnished—and stimulant of the “feast of reason, and the flow of soul.” At first, we were rather flattish. It could not fail to be so. I had communicated my conversation with

Messrs. Parker and Talboys:—the tenor of which found sympathy in their bosoms: but “the health of my Lord Kingsborough”—(“*toto eorde et totis viribus*”) made the heart-vessels dilate; and in a trice we were all in an overflowing glow of sentimentality! The hock had a more racy flavour: the peaches, a more juicy distillation. The declining sun had a mellower lustre—and the breeze of the evening wafted a more delicately aromatic fragrance to our senses. We forgot the Cholera—and even the Reform Bill; and resolved never to forego, or even to ease to be mitigated, our attachment to VALDARFER and to CAXTON! Night came on—and, with it, a moon of equal amplitude and splendour with that witnessed at Reading. We strolled in the Gardens of St. John—those gardens, in which Brown declared that the whole strength of his genius had been concentrated. They give indeed “ample space to narrow bounds” with so much happy art, that I know of nothing which must be mentioned in the same breath with them—considering the nature of the *site*, and the limits within which they are formed.

Here I parted with the worthy head Librarian of Bodley, and pursued my course homeward, in company with my friend the Public Registrar. As usual, I went to take a peep at that matchless quadrangle of Public Edifices, of which St.

Mary's and the Schools form the opposite sides, with the Ratcliffe Library in the centre.* I went, as usual, to visit this spot of enchantment by moonlight . . . and found it, if possible, more magnificently impressive than ever! You must be wearied with description, and therefore I shall only say, that, strolling backward and forward with my friend for some half hour, we talked of days gone by, and of days that now were—sincerely believing, in our hearts, that a RE-ACTION, equally bold, decisive, and beneficial, would within a few months take place: that, not only the hearts of Messrs. Parker and Talboys would *there* be made to dance with delight, but the hearts and reins of every deserving Bibliopolist in the empire *also*. My friend was firm in action, and loud in voice, when he made this declaration . . . so much so, that he awakened the echos of the place . . . and I thought that I once heard the re-echo of “Re-action” dying away within the cloister of the Divinity School. The next morning I paid a hurried visit to the “rich and racy tomes” of Caxtonian lore, which are duly locked within the press of the first Library at St. John's; and did not fail to cast an interested, but not longing, eye upon the peculiar, but limited, treasures of the black-letter kind,

* They have lately put an iron railing, of an oval form, round this building—an adaptation, as infelicitous as unnecessary. C. P.

which they possess at Exeter College.* I was compelled to tear myself away from all these book-felicities, as the various College-chimes reminded me of the hour of setting out for “*Laurel Lodge.*”

In my way hither, it was but natural to muse upon all that had taken place in the spot just quitted. I candidly own that it strikes me that a very great improvement in the education of young men at Oxford and Cambridge, might be easily effected. The undergraduate, who first loves his Pliny or his Propertius from the cut of its coat—alias the fashion of its binding—may, in a happy moment, by looking into its text, love the author for his *own* sake. The young mind should be directed to new objects. That perpetual system of *Herodotising*, *Thucydidising*, and *Euclidising*, is enough to render the sharpest intellect obtuse ... in the long run. And *Sanderson* and *Watt*—can these *Genii* do anything towards awakening the fancy and refining the tastes of young men, verging towards their twentieth year? Consider, with what high expectations, and sometimes high capacities, young men are sent to College; and how much it may be in the power of the Tutor to apply these capacities and expectations to their most obvious

* Why will not the *Magnates* of these two Colleges put their book-treasures, of *this* description, into secure and appropriate bindings? M. R.

and honourable uses. Teach young men—especially those who are heirs to large properties, and to a splendid ancestry—where the noble feats of their forefathers are recorded in the pages of the County Historian—and they will become lovers, and peradventure collectors, in that branch of the *Literæ Humaniores*. The name of DUGDALE is equally proud and imperishable. Should they love *Poetry*? Tell them how Milton altered both thought and word in his first effusions, and they will buy all the varieties of the early impressions of that great man's muse. For Shakspeare, there will be no end to the *chasse* in the eternally varied field connected with the earlier editions of his Plays. An accidental visit to Suffolk made the public acquainted with a Prompter's surreptitious edition of *Hamlet*, a year earlier than any known edition of that play.*

* The library of Sir Henry Bunbury, Bart. M.P., (at Burton Hall, near Bury St. Edmond's) contained an edition of *Hamlet*, of the date of 1603—unknown to all Commentators and Collectors. It had belonged to Sir Thomas Haumer, his maternal grandfather; and was bound up in a volume of choicest rarities in the Dramatic line, and other early editions of Shakspeare. This volume—light in weight, but ponderous in value—was disposed of to Messrs. Payne and Foss, in exchange for a number of useful publications; and by Messrs. Payne and Foss was sold to the Duke of Devonshire, the possessor of the finest dramatic library in Europe. Before parted with, Mr. Payne caused a literal re-print of the *Hamlet* to be published, of which 500 copies were struck off. It made some noise at the time—but the text was evidently not the

But, above all things, when the generality of young men can wade knee deep into the streams of Grecian lore, without the fear of catching cold—in other words, when they can master Greek and Latin sufficiently well for the ordinary purposes of philological research—imbue them with a love of ANTIQUITIES: of antiquities, including the passion for gems, coins, and architecture—and this will lead to the acquisition of the *best works* relating to such an essential feature of a library. See also that the study of NATIONAL antiquities be duly inculcated; so that, in travelling through a country, every hillock of earth, and every fragment of stone, may be taught to be viewed with an eye of no ordinary interest. I hold this to be a species of *Patriotism* in its way. Anything and everything that recalls to us the past periods of our country—that re-peoples the temple of the Druid, or the castle of the Baron—is of immediate and direct use, by teaching us to weigh, and to estimate accordingly, the *present* positive blessings which we enjoy. And as we are careful of the *past*, so may we be attentive to the *future*. Not a coin, not a gem—not an inscription upon a stone tablet, however time-eaten—not a frieze, not a capital, not a pedestal, in the architectural pile—will *then* be contemplated

offspring of Shakspeare's brain. Amongst other oddities, the Ghost is made to enter in his *night gown and slippers!* See the *Library Companion*, p. 813, Second Edition.

with indifference: and, with this, a most zealous attachment to those *Written Records* by which a true knowledge of history is mainly upheld. Thus a new *sense*, as well as a fresh *impetus*, is given to the human understanding; making all the difference between the vacant gaze of an ordinary traveller, and the intelligent remarks of an instructed observer. Thus, PHILANDER, once deeply versed in the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles, on a sudden dispensed with the services of those Dramatists; sought no longer pleasure in choruses, semi or full; but became smitten only with Pausanias and Dion Cassius—and, from them, by a natural transition, sought his chief solace in Montfaucon and Piranesi, Camden and Gough: resolving to devote the remainder of his life (yet wanting many years of its grand climacteric!) to the study and acquisition of our *National Antiquities*. And thus, to adduce no other instance, does the Master-Spirit which yet inhabits and adorns *Stourhead*, pursue, indomitably, his enthusiastic course! The snows of age sit lightly upon his brow; and bodily infirmities neither damp his ardour nor enfeeble his exertions: while

Summer suns roll unperceiv'd away,

as the spear of the Aboriginal Briton, or the mystic urn of the Druid, find entrance within his *Studio*.

Is the Collegiate Pupil destined for the Church? let him not only construe freely the Bible, the Apostolical Fathers, and the Antiquities of Eusebius, Sozomen, and Theodoret, in their original tongues, but let him feel an equal anxiety and pride to possess himself of the best editions of the original text. From the dead, he will naturally come to the living, languages—and among these, his Tutor will, as naturally, tell him to cherish that which is his own. What a prospect then awaits him! You anticipate what I am about to say. You anticipate the acquisition of MSS. of *Wiclif's Version of the Sacred Text**—the *Tyn-dale*, and *Coverdale* printed Versions—heading

* It is a joyful note of intelligence to impart, that, at length, we are about to receive a most carefully collated, and I will add, GENUINE PRINTED TEXT of the MS. version of the *Old Testament*, by Wiclif: the *New Testament* having been published by Lewis, some fourscore years ago, in folio, and reprinted by the Rev. Mr. Baber, of the British Museum, in 4to. 1810. The Rev. Mr. Forshall and Frederick Madden, Esq. (see p. 47 ante)—both of the British Museum—are also the Editors of this forthcoming *first edition* of the text of the *Old Testament*; and these are names which justify every reasonable expectation of complete success. The Clarendon Press, to its immortal honour, prints it gratuitously. Of the various MSS. of the original, that copy in the library of the British Museum (formerly belonging to the Royal Society) is perhaps the most intrinsically valuable, as well as splendid: and that, in the library of F. Douce, Esq. is probably the *facile princeps* of those in *private* collections. I think I have seen nearer twenty, than twelve, copies of the original MS.: all about the commencement of the fifteenth century. C. P.

the folio set of *Matthews, Taverner, Cranmer, and Parker*.* Anon, for our earlier Rituals, Prayer-Books, and Sermons! The race is set before him in all its fascinating varieties; and PORTIUS starts to reach the goal of a never-dying renown. The longest life is too short to gratify his inextinguishable passion: the largest room, in his father's mansion, too small to admit of his marshalled treasures . . . in the black-letter department only. He sighs for an hundred feet gallery; in which to arrange his busts of our early Reformers; and his day dreams and his night dreams run riot upon the acquisition of choice copies of LATIMER, CRANMER, and FOX.† The

* It may be as well to refer to the summary, but spirit-stirring, account of these Bibles, to be found in the *Library Companion*, pp. 30-32: and if the reader (such an one as PORTIUS probably is) chooses, to the other larger authorities there referred to. But of all these early English Bibles, place ME in the front of the copy of *Cranmer's* (1540) UPON VELLUM, which is usually kept in the Lodge of the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge!! "Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit!" This has occurred more than once—to me—and to more than one Roxburgher! Of the first edition of the COVERDALE Version, I believe it is hopeless to think of ever obtaining a *perfect* copy. That, in the library of Castle Ashby, belonging to the Marquis of Northampton, approaches the *nearest* to perfection of any with which I am acquainted. Well may my friends Messrs. John and Arthur Arch, muster up their courage to proffer £100. for an entirely perfect copy! See p. 15. In a more or less *imperfect* state, I should say few of our earlier Bibles are of such common occurrence. M. R.

† I presume that the *Sermons* of the first, the *Catechism* and

Ecclesiastical Chronicles stand also prominently conspicuous to his mind's eye—and for a perfect Parker, *De Antiquitate Ecclesiæ Britannicæ*,* he would cut off the entail of nine roods of the best arable land upon the paternal estate! Every stick, every stone, every relic—once belonging to that illustrious Archbishop—is an object approaching almost to adoration with Portius; and should he ever see, as it has been *my* good fortune to see—in the archives of Corpus College, Cambridge—the *sacrament cup*, and the *salt-cellar* (of Milanese workmanship) which once adorned that great man's altar and table, I am not quite sure whether the President of that Society might not require the aid of two lusty University beadles to prevent . . . something like an act of sacrilege ensuing!

Such was the general and perhaps rambling

certain devotional pieces of the second, and the *Martyrology* of the third, are here alluded to. Of these desirable publications to a student in our English Theology, the *first* edition of the last work—in 1563—is the GRAND object of securement. The only thoroughly perfect copy of it, with which I am acquainted, is *that* in the library of the late Philip Hurd, Esq. and to be sold by auction, with the entire collection of his books, under the hammer of Mr. Evans. I hear with pleasure that the Son of the deceased will at least *equal* the book-celebrity of the parent. C. P.

* There is no end to discussions touching the *materia bibliographica* connected with the work here mentioned—first published in 1572, folio. Those copies in the collection of Lord Spencer, Mr. Grenville, Mr. Coke, Mr. Douce—to say nothing

train of ideas which occupied me, on quitting my beloved *Alma Mater*, till I reached this secluded spot. Behold me, then, back again at *Laurel Lodge* : embedded 'midst my books ; with no sound but that of the choristers chattering in the grove, and " the low of distant kine "—while the village spire, peeping over the slope of the hill, every now and then affords a sort of comforting exhilaration of spirits. Sir, I will hope that this little Tour has not been made in vain. I will hope that, if I have commenced this epistle in the strain of despondency, I may conclude it in that of comparative exultation. There is doubtless a frightful falling off in the " good old cause," amongst the many : but amongst the " GALLANT FEW "—of which the number is not *very* small—we see spirited resolutions followed up by unabated energy and liberality of conduct. Nor is it a hopeless symptom of the times, that two rival English Versions of *Richard de Bury's Philobiblon* are, I believe, at this moment in the press. If ever a man should revive the spirit of his great Predecessor, De Bury, it is THE PRESENT Lord Chancellor : who, I make no doubt, would do all in his power to go beyond him. In regard to the *Patronage of Literature*, what can exceed Lord Kingsborough's patron-

of the Cambridge and Lambeth copies—are the most perfect which I have seen. In fact, it might be doubted whether *two* copies were ever found *alike*. C. P.

age of the *Antiquities of Mexico*,* a work put forth by Augustine Aglio? There is hardly any conceivable case, more likely to challenge and to obtain the applause of posterity, than *that* to which I allude. We have here a gallantry of spirit which puts all precedent at an incalculable distance behind. It may be thought indelicate to mention more *names*; but I may make allusions to *persons*. The libraries of St. James's Place and Althorp, can hardly receive ANY acquisition. If not full to overflowing, they lack nothing *essential*. The honourable and high-minded owner of the library in Cleveland Square, suffers not one jot of attachment to abate towards his books—and it is but the expression of mere common justice to say, that SUCH books merit all the intensity of devotion by which they have been

* This magnificent performance consists of seven large folio volumes, of which the first four are plates, and the remaining three text. The author, or editor, is AUGUSTINE AGLIO. Lord Kingsborough is reported to have devoted £25,000. to its execution, in the successful manner in which we now view it, and in which posterity will not fail to appreciate it. Such Lordly munificence is so rare, so splendid, so deserving of perpetual praise, that I know not how to express myself as I feel upon the subject . . .

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Lustrabunt convexa, polum dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos nomenque tuum landesque manebunt
Quæ necunque vocant terræ . . .

Virg. *Æn.* lib. i. v. 607.

See p. 81. ante. C. P.

acquired. Years neither damp the ardour, nor slacken the exertions, of their owner; whose judgment is yet as ripe, and whose taste yet as refined, as ever. On its *scale*—and of its class—(and the scale is far from being a stinted one) it puts all competition at defiance. I observe, however, that you have said pretty nearly the same thing, in your last edition of the *Introduction to the Classics*.*

You will be pleased to refer to that part of my Letter in which the name of ATTICUS is mentioned.† I learn that the book-appetite of this gentleman is of the same cormorant-capacity as ever: nay, that a return to his native land has rather sharpened than subdued it—that Charles Lewis has been obliged to lay in such a stock of russia and morocco skins—to bind only his black-letter romances in the Italian, Spanish, French and English languages—as may appear incredible to those not having ocular demonstration of its truth. Such a set of tools also has been manufactured for the binding of them, as is altogether marvellous; and as to the *extent* of his library, to save trouble, you had better say, at once, that it reaches from * * * * * to Nuremberg! For proof of an *intermediate* link in a chain of such extension, stop at the *Rue* ——— not a stone's throw from the *Quai Voltaire*—and casting your

* Vol. I. p. xi.

† Page 37.

eye up at a huge mansion, in which 30,000 tomes are deposited—and which has been recently called “*Grand Hôtel Bibliomanesque*”—learn, that,

What was *Bullard's* once, is * * * * *’s now.

But if the days of youth with Atticus are over, his early example has found more than one imitator. Look back also, Reverend Sir, and see if the name of EUPHORMIO, and mention of his meditated book-pyramid,* be easily to be found. When a lad at Eton, I learn that this Euphormio was always “strange and prying,” like Henry Dyson of old,† into book-recesses which were but little haunted; and that an uncut copy of the *Lac Puerorum*, printed by William Faques, or Andrew Skot, first caught his eye and fixed his affections. Those affections have been steady as the polar star, ever since; and now, midway ’twixt his twentieth and thirtieth year, he lords it, without controul, over such a domain of books—in the hall of his ancestors—as would induce an ordinary man to distrust the evidence of his senses. But Euphormio is something, and a good deal, more than a mere Collector of costly and precious volumes. He is a *Bibliographer*, of no common calibre; and volunteers a world of labour in the specification of the worth and rarity of his several treasures. He is meditating such

* Page 23.

† *Bibliomania*, p. 398.

a *Catalogue Raisonné* of these treasures, as may astound even yourself. These be glorious examples to the young—and ought to excite the rivalry of half the Country *Squires* and *Sheriffs* throughout Great Britain.

Nor are other examples wanting of bibliomaniacal ardour in early manhood. I have mentioned the name of MARCUS, as one entitled to no ordinary respect ; and have surmised that, when the trammels of non-age are cut away, the said Marcus will spring at once into distinction among the Collectors of a first-rate class of books. The future will, I am persuaded, prove the truth of this prediction. Again—behold the heir apparent of a *Ducal Coronet*, sedulously sitting down to master volumes, of which his school fellows, and perhaps University comrades, had never heard even the titles. While others are coated in red garments, scouring the plain, or leaping the fence, in pursuit of Reynard's brush—while as many more, or double the number, are levelling the tube of death, and the “whirring pheasant” drops lifeless into the brake—behold our young Bibliomane seated tranquilly in his study, with the *Treasures* of the Greek and Latin languages before him : now reading, now digesting, now writing, and now indulging high thoughts, and brave resolves, touching his future destiny in life. His morning *tiffin* is,

alternately, Aelian and Thomas Magister: his *pétit souper*, Porphyrius and Terentianus Maurus: while of Sidonius Apollinaris, Manilius, and Mercurius Trismegistus, he has sundry little pocket editions, wherewith he delights himself as he wanders along the butter-cupped meadows. O rare and felicitous combination of mental labour and mental recreation! O example, greatly to be admired—and deserving of imitation, especially among those whose wealth and situation are at once great and influential!

But, whatever may be the result of the ducal *heir*, we have, in the example of a Duke himself, no common illustration of the steadiness and spirit with which an early attachment to Books has been followed up. To the other, almost innumerable, attractions of Chatsworth, look at its *Library*: the beauty of the room, and the yet greater beauty of its furniture! If the Libraries of the Houses in London, Chiswick, and Chatsworth, be put together, they will not easily be surpassed by the similar treasures of any mansion, however lordly and however vast. To books (of which the purchase of the celebrated library of the late Bishop of Ely might only be considered as a *graft* on the original stock) add Pictures, Statues, and Gems....and you have the most glorious frame work in which a living portrait can be encadred! Nor are such treasures idly

dormant in their several receptacles. When *St. Ethelwold* makes his appearance,* it will be seen to what good and useful purposes antiquarian volumes may be devoted. I anticipate a general stir on the occasion, in the upper book-circles, equal to that on the arrival of an ambassador from Persia among the fashionable corps—whose “many twinkling feet” produce such a fevered atmosphere at Almack’s.

But there is yet a prouder boast to record. The genuine bibliomaniacal blood is now running at high tide in ROYAL VEINS; and no marvel. Who, that has paced the LIBRARY of GEORGE III, now deposited in the British Museum, has not been well-nigh “dumb-founded” at the glorious vисто of interminable book-treasures before him? What Englishman, on such a visit, has not been astonished that these books were the collection of *one man*—and that man, the MONARCH OF HIS COUNTRY!! Can it be a matter of surprise, then, that the mantle of the parent should have descended upon the shoulders of at

* The very amiable and accomplished Mr. John Gage is at present occupied in making this “appearance” effective. Mention of this most curious and ancient volume is made in the *Bibliographical Decameron*, vol. i. pp. lv.-lxiii.: but shortly, under the patronage of the Antiquarian Society, (here wisely exerted) all its charms and all its worth will be made palpable to the public gaze. M. R.

least ONE of his sons? You will instantly catch my allusion; and already we are arm-in-arm exploring within the elongated library in Kensington Palace. Lately, great acquisitions, in apartments as well as in books, have added to the comforts of the Royal Inmate; and a noble room, just completed, forms a sort of *Lago Maggiore*, into which the contents of the neighbouring corridors and boudoirs (crammed with lore of every philological description!) empty themselves as tributary streamlets. Nor has His Royal Highness less ground of receiving congratulation upon another score. His *Biblical Treasures* have been laid before the world in the sumptuous Catalogue of them put forth by Mr. Pettigrew,* adorned with fac similes, and abounding in curious as well as correct intelligence. Such a

* BIBLIOTHECA SUSSEXIANA: *A Descriptive Catalogue, accompanied by historical and biographical notices of the MSS. and printed books contained in the Library of H. R. H. the DUKE OF SUSSEX, &c. in Kensington Palace, 1827, 2 vols. Impl. 8vo.* The first volume is devoted to the MSS.—the second to the printed books,—in Theology only. Mr. Pettigrew computes the number of *manuscript* volumes in the library to be 12,000: of *printed* books, 38,000—five years ago! The fac simile of the ornaments in some of the Hebrew MSS. are exceedingly beautiful—and many of them of a very ancient date. Nothing has been spared in decorative attraction of paper and printing to render this work in all respects deserving of the PATRONAGE under which it was given to the world. CATO PARVUS.

monument of the good taste and gallant spirit of the OWNER of these treasures, is deserving of all praise, and is at once splendid and imperishable. I am not solitary in the expression of a fervent wish that the Author of this *opus magnum* may find encouragement to resume his promised labours of continuance. At present, the department of *Theology* (in which the greater and lesser Polyglots cut a most distinguished figure) only is executed.

But it is time, Reverend Sir, to bid you adieu: and I do so, with the frank avowal that the recollection of all the WORTHIES, here recorded, puts me into a genial flow of spirits, and more than counterbalances the dejection which I felt on taking up my pen to address you. In some measure I believe this must be attributed to the sight of an elegantly got up volume, being an English version of the *Cynogeticon*, or Book of Hunting, by ARRIAN, which has been sent down to me from London since I commenced this Epistle. The translator is anonymous; but he is clearly an intelligent, learned, and tasteful man; and I would rather see this volume upon my table, than witness the longest *burst* that ever was recorded in the *cynogetical* annals of Leicestershire. The book is absolutely a “dear delight,” and may be consulted again and again with in-

struction and entertainment. Like a *true* Bibliomaniac, the author printed but a *limited* number of copies.* But a truce to this rambling. Gravely and honestly speaking, I would hope that the examples of bibliomaniacal eminence just brought forward, may have a beneficial effect in the long run. Men will in time become tired of the insipidity, fickleness, or worthlessness, of those pursuits, which leave behind neither tangible nor visible proofs of their worth. The *Turf* cannot always be *soft* to its frequenter's foot. The dice-box cannot always disgorge its *doublets of sixes*. The bagnio may conceal the *accomplice* as well as the victim of seduction. Tavern orgies tear asunder the stoutest constitution, as well as impoverish the weightiest purses Jaded and distracted in these exhausting pursuits, the votary of them returns to his private haunt—of loneliness, discomfort, and vexation of spirit! He sees no object to cheer him—he hears no friendly voice of sympathy—his pillow is stuffed with thorns, and he is “tossed to and fro” ’midst the snatches of doubtful slumber which that pillow may induce. Where are the dicta of Epictetus, or the morals of Seneca? the golden opinions of Antoninus, or the poesy of

* I believe only 250. It is sold by Messrs. Bohn and Son, and will I hope be out of print before the next November coursing begins. The embellishments are sweetly appropriate.

Prudentius? Every shelf is bereft of books—and it is not *here* that we must expect the INSPIRED WORD of heaven! I will not draw the *converse* of such a picture. It may be *inferred* from what has preceded it.

Let the honest trader, therefore, in BOOK MERCHANTISE, cheer up his spirits; and if his heart do not beat quite so high as it hath been wont to beat, let him be assured that better and brighter days are at hand. Let the illustrious *subhastalian* Corps—Messrs. Evans, Sotheby, Wheatley, and Hodgson—take good courage, and polish up their ebon-truncheons for a prosperous Spring campaign. Above all, let my old and learned friend, W. Y. Otley, Esq. no longer hesitate to bring his *Costerian* labours before the anxious eyes of the public.* He will reap a more abundant harvest, in *every* sense of the word, than he at present may dare to anticipate. Let the word RE-ACTION be inscribed over his inner porch; and for those, who are watching the ebbing and flowing of chances—who are reluctant to untie their closely

* This book, to my *certain* knowledge, will be equally a curocity and a treasure in its way. Old LAURENCE COSTER never before had such honor paid him; and Haerlem has found in Mr. Otley a champion which may almost justify her forgetfulness of Meerman. The volume, which will be in 8vo., is crowded with embellishments, both as fac-similes and illustrations. M. R.

knotted purses—who freeze or burn as a few shillings preponderate—for such, my motto is “NOW OR NEVER!” But, “I have done.”*

Claudite jam rivos pueri, sat prata bibérunt.†

I am always,
 Reverend Sir,
 Your “Constant Reader,”
 And devoted Servant,
 MERCURIUS RUSTICUS.

* Cicero, *passim*.

† Virgil, *Eclog.* iii. v. 111.









